

A Sheaf
from a Harvest
of Years

IN VERSE AND PROSE

BY
EDWIN HIGGINS



Class P53515

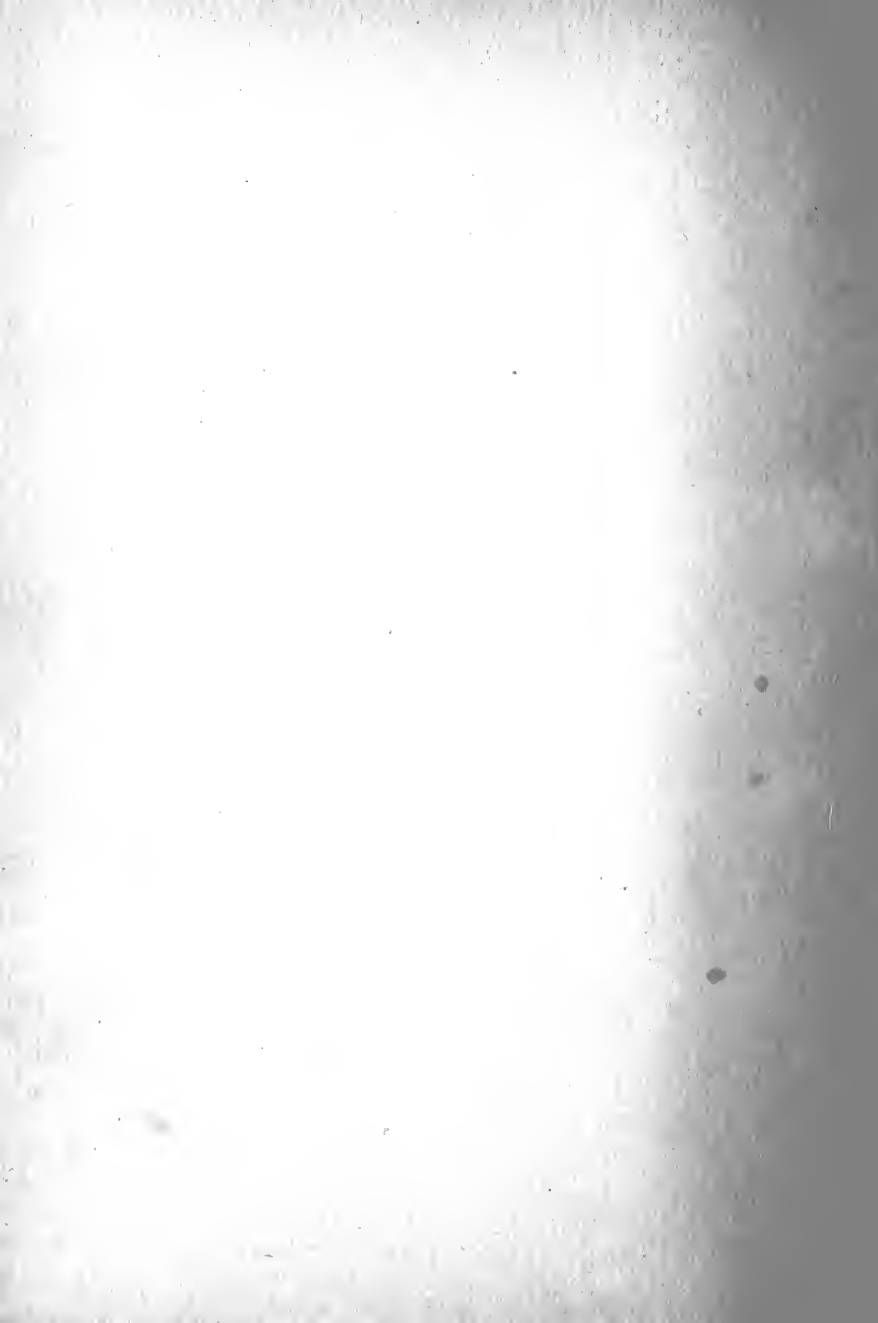
Book I34755

Copyright N^o 1916

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT









WASHINGTON MONUMENT, MOUNT VERNON PLACE, ETC., BALTIMORE, MD.,
Rich in Historic Associations.

A Sheaf

From a Harvest of Years

In Verse and Prose

Historic, Patriotic, Descriptive, Sentimental,
Humorous, etc.

BY
EDWIN HIGGINS, M. A.

MEMBER OF THE MARYLAND BAR

AUTHOR, LECTURES, ADDRESSES: "Great Cities;" "The Old
Defenders;" "Sesqui-Centennial;" "Francis Scott Key;"
"Municipal Government;" etc.
Legal and other Works

KING BROS.
CITY HALL PLAZA
BALTIMORE
© 1916

PS 3515
I 34955
1916

COPYRIGHT
EDWIN HIGGINS
1916

~~1100~~

OCT 18 1916

©Cl.A 438965

no. 1

Ms. 7. 2. 1. 16.

CONTENTS.

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| HISTORIC— | |
| Lord Baltimore—Cecilius Calvert..... | 1 |
| Baltimore: The City of Sable and Gold..... | 2 |
| Baltimore (Washington)..... | 4 |
| Baltimore (Lafayette)..... | 5 |
| The City of The Sun God..... | 6 |
| Historic Guns: Fort McHenry..... | 7 |
| Washington—America..... | 9 |
| General John Eager Howard..... | 11 |
| Memorial Tablet, Mount Vernon Place Church (to Francis Scott Key)..... | 11 |
| Remarks of Edwin Higgins (Mount Vernon Place Church)..... | 12 |
| Key's Grave | 16 |
| Columbus..... | 17 |
| PATRIOTIC— | |
| Our Country..... | 19 |
| The Flag and The Song..... | 21 |
| Our Flag..... | 23 |
| Independence Day..... | 25 |
| Monument to Men of the American Revolution..... | 26 |
| "Follow the Flag"—Winfield Scott Schley..... | 28 |
| The Battle Monument..... | 29 |
| The Day We Celebrate..... | 30 |
| The President is Dead (President McKinley)..... | 31 |
| Washingtonian Movement..... | 32 |

| | PAGE |
|--|--------|
| Frances E. Willard..... | 34 |
| Monument to Key (San Francisco)..... | 36 |
| The Ballot..... | 37 |
| Victory: Through Sunshine and Storm..... | 39 |
| Oklahoma..... | 40 |
| Inauguration Day, 1909..... | 40 |
| The Glory of Nations..... | 42 |
| Sources: Inspiration of The Star-Spangled Banner.. | 44 |
| THE LAW AND THE TEMPLE..... | 52 |
| Reverdy Johnson | 57 |
| THE GREAT FIRE..... | 60 |
| Church of the Messiah..... | 67 |
| Jubilee Hymn..... | 67 |
| DESCRIPTIVE— | |
| The Black-Eyed Susan..... | 69 |
| The Chesapeake..... | 70 |
| Mondawmin..... | 72 |
| The Train..... | 73 |
| St. Margaret's..... | 75 |
| The Rambler..... | 76 |
| Arbor Day: City and Country..... | 78 |
| Lost and Found..... | 79 |
| The Old Clock and The New..... | 81 |
| An Ocean Shell..... | 82 |
| The Dandelion..... | 83 |
| Twin Oaks..... | 84 |
| The Green and The Blue..... | 85 |
| The Buttercup..... | 87 |
| Strawberries..... | 88 |

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| Thunder Shower..... | 89 |
| The Snow Bird..... | 89 |
| A Druid..... | 91 |
| Earth's Morning Song..... | 92 |
| The Daisies..... | 93 |
| A Crystal Morning..... | 94 |
| Song of the Brook..... | 95 |
| Uncle Watty and President Lincoln..... | 96 |

SENTIMENT—

| | |
|---|-----|
| The Morning Glory: The Glory Bells..... | 103 |
| Myrtle and Snow..... | 104 |
| The Century..... | 105 |
| Halcyon Days Draw Nigh..... | 107 |
| Autumn Days | 108 |
| The Simple Way..... | 109 |
| Poe's Grave: Poe..... | 110 |
| Words..... | 112 |
| Songs of the Wire..... | 114 |
| The Songs of Children..... | 116 |
| The Home-Comers | 118 |
| Winter's Harp..... | 121 |
| Sequel to Winter's Harp..... | 122 |
| A City of Refuge..... | 123 |
| A. D. and B. C..... | 125 |
| The Calendar | 125 |
| Thanksgiving Hymn | 126 |
| Echoes..... | 127 |
| Cloudland at Sunset..... | 128 |
| Good-Night..... | 129 |
| The Elms..... | 130 |
| Be Patient..... | 131 |

| | PAGE |
|---------------------------------|------|
| Look Up..... | 132 |
| Autumnal Reveries..... | 133 |
| The Winds and The Leaves..... | 134 |
| The Christmas Tree..... | 134 |
| Winds of the Night..... | 136 |
| An Autumnal Musing..... | 137 |
| The New Year..... | 139 |
| A Wish..... | 140 |
| Baltimore's Oldest Florist..... | 141 |

HUMOROUS—

| | |
|--|-----|
| Rover's Appeal | 143 |
| The Oyster Man..... | 144 |
| Hagar and Ishmael..... | 146 |
| Jim—James: 5 Years—25 Years..... | 147 |
| Tip—The Blacksmith's Dog..... | 149 |
| The Children's Car..... | 151 |
| Chanticleer..... | 153 |
| The Woodpecker | 154 |
| The Hermit King (for Oyster Roasts, etc.)..... | 155 |

PREFACE.

A Sheaf, from a Harvest of Years, brings together some of the Verse and Prose of the Writer. While much of it appertains to Baltimore—the home of his manhood years—its purpose is to give pleasure to its readers, generally; promote interest in the useful and beautiful things in nature and every-day life; praise the brave and good among men and women, emphasize their deeds; encourage love for Our Country, and for our fellows, everywhere.

Having passed the three-score and ten, and pressing on toward the four-score years, with vision unimpaired, with freedom from pain, he would be recreant to the best impulses of his heart should he have failed to recognize and laud the Almighty Hand which cares for the birds and flowers, and rules in the affairs of men and nations.

E. H.



Historic.

LORD BALTIMORE—CECILIUS CALVERT.

MARYLAND DAY—MARCH 25TH.

(Suggested by the Statue in front of the Court House and Plaza, Baltimore, Md. Erected by Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Maryland.)

Out of the mist and the haze of a cheerless dawn
Comes the bravest harbinger of a glorious morn,
And unfurls to wistful gaze of a waiting world
A standard with freedom aglow—with love empearled.

The Ark and the Dove, their venturesome wandering
take,
Over the sea,—the storm-swept seas,—for conscience
sake—
There's an old-time story of an Ark and a Dove;
And here's a beautiful one of refuge and love!

By the silver brink the rejoicing Pilgrims land,
And lowly kneel and adore on the golden sand;
The forests primeval, the red man's welcome bring,
And the depths of azure with sacred anthems ring.

From the historic river and the cross-crowned hill,
The welcome and the anthems are echoing still:—
For us bountiful rivers, on-widening, have flown,
And harvests resplendent on their borders have grown.

For blessings transcendent from the bold Founder's
hand,

As precious as the pearl from old ocean's gray strand—
The mountains and valleys, the hills, country and town
Are bringing for him laurel, instead of a crown.

By the temple of Justice,—its wide-open gate,—
The brave Calvert is standing, and with radiant face,
A great, teeming city loves to honor and praise—
And will, to the listening world, to the end of days.

Enduring the foundation of the brave young State,
In the domain of conscience laid, it made him great!
Would you for Justice and her service be enrolled?
Then, march beneath the Banner of Sable and Gold!

It is well to think of the majestic young Knight,
The bold seeker for freedom who sought it aright;
Honor him ever—for it is Love's golden chord
Which binds us together,—and it binds us to God!

BALTIMORE:

The City of Sable and Gold.

*(The colors of Baltimore's Flag are Sable and Gold, derived
from Lord Baltimore. They suggest to the writer this
nom de plume for the City.)*

I.

Beautiful City 'neath the Sable and Gold
More beautiful growing as the years grow old!
The Oriole sings in the Druid's great trees,

The Black-eyed Susan in the whispering breeze;
We sing of the Knight who with God-given dreams
Built a home for Freedom by Maryland streams;
The legends of far-off lands, the days of yore,
In the charming story of old Baltimore.

II.

Beautiful City—there is wealth at thy feet
From mountains and prairies, our own Chesapeake;
A birthplace for Progress; for Enterprise known,
Thy gifts to the ages are everywhere strewn!
Here chisel and pencil honor deed and name,
And the charms of genius lend lustre to fame—
To banquets of good cheer, with wide-open door,
We would welcome the nations to Baltimore!

III.

Beautiful City 'neath the Sable and Gold,
Keep step to the music of the Star-lit fold!
The brave at thy gates did thy triumph acclaim:
Gave a glorious Anthem to the lips of Fame—
'Twill inspire th' ages, thrill humanity's chord,
And the world will build sunward and Trust in God!
Aloft! Sable and Gold, in the sunshine soar,
And safeguard, with the Stars, our brave Baltimore!

IV.

Beautiful City, you ne'er, ne'er can grow old
Uplifting the Standard of Sable and Gold.
Build! Manhood and Valor, Wealth, Duty and Power;
Build! O Dower of Beauty; Bud, Blossom and Flower;
Homes, monuments, spires; Science, Learning and
Art—

Build! Army of Builders, with brawn, brain and heart!
Come, God's blessing invoke, build brave, strong and
pure;
We will build with the Builders of Baltimore!

May the particular blessings of Heaven rest * * * on
the worthy citizens of this flourishing town of Baltimore.—
Washington.

BALTIMORE.

She lifts aloft her jeweled arms,
Above the distant hills;
And robes them with the loving care
With which her great heart thrills;
She plants the impress of her power
On river, bay and shore;
And sail and steam and fire acclaim
The fame of Baltimore!

She gives a glad,—a gracious hand,—
'Tis sweet to comprehend:—
To welcome to her festive board,
The land from end to end;
While far away, o'er distant seas,
She speeds her friendly spars,
All laden with the things which cheer,
Beneath the Stripes and Stars!

O City brave,—by Valor crowned!
See: Peace and Plenty greet!
They will through the strenuous years
Lay tribute at thy feet;
From toil and thrift, from wealth and skill,
Through light and dark have risen
Thy garnered treasures great and good,
Beneath the smile of Heaven!

Her children long have wrought for her,
And, with their wealth endowed,
Have ne'er for a moment failed her,
In fire, in flood or cloud:—
For Country have scaled the mountains,
For Country braved the sea;
For Country repulsed invaders,
And bade the brave be free!

They will stand for her fame and glory,
Guard them with filial care;
They will think of her while toiling,
And pray for her in prayer!
In their restful homes and toil shops,—
With hearts where joy bells chime,—
With their best love they will love her,
Through every change of time!

BALTIMORE: My campaign began with a personal obligation to the inhabitants of Baltimore; at the end of it, I find myself bound to them by a new tie of everlasting gratitude.—*Lafayette*.

THE CITY OF THE SUN GOD.

(The word "Baltimore" is from the Irish tongue. It has been said it may have been derived from the Phenician god Bual, the god of the Sun and Fire. The Phenicians, the great commercial people of ancient day, settled the seaport town of Baltimore, in Ireland. When King James I gave George Calvert, his Secretary, a manor of several thousand acres at Baltimore, he bestowed on him the title of "Lord Baron of Baltimore." The title descended to his son, Cecilius Calvert, the Founder of Maryland.)

A City fair enshrines his name,
Near bay of silvered blue;
Her thousand altars light their flame,
And with his rays renew.

She sends his name with glad acclaim,
And will forever more,
In onward march, with splendid fame,
In that of Baltimore.

There are calm days with cloudless skies,
The gentle zephyrs sleep;
The Sun God floods with gorgeous dyes,
The broad land and the deep.

No chime of bells, nor clarion's peal,
Nor roar of rattling gun,
You hear no sound, yet you can feel
His glorious work begun.

He walks majestic like a god,
Through the wide realms of space,
The morning star flees at his nod,
And forthwith hides his face.

He wakes anew the sleeping world,
And dries night's glist'ning tears,
With glowing splendors wide unfurled,
Helps us to bear life's cares.

There follow close his golden rays,
The seasons with their train;
The birth and death of nights and days,
The blossom and the grain.

About, within, his living flame
Dear Nature doth require;
The World itself; its mighty frame
Is nurtured by his fire.

No wonder then in days of old
Men sought him, as divine;
Poured out their incense and their gold,
And worshiped at his shrine.

God made the Sun and bade him shine
Vicegerent of earth and air;
God is the Lord; He is divine,
Kneel thou to Him in prayer!

THE CITY OF BALTIMORE: Glorious, beautiful and prosperous. May she more and more reap the honors and advantages of her patriotic spirit and republican institutions.—*Lafayette*, 1824.

HISTORIC GUNS: FORT McHENRY.

Come, wreath with the fadeless laurel our historic
guns,
Their silence is more potent than music of their
tongues;

For the love of country, they have borne their wounds
and scars;
On guard, in peace, we greet them beneath the Stripes
and Stars!

Long live their deeds deep written in Freedom's battle
story,
For every deed so written is a chronicle of glory;
We greet you, valiant Veterans! You stood on guard
through night
And toiled and fought through tempests and triumphed
for the right!

O Veterans, in the roar of battle you may ne'er be
heard,
Columbiads of a restless age will surely be preferred;
Yet sunlike you will dispel the gloom of starless night
Speak of the full-orbed day and the splendor of its
might!

We have learned to love our City's flag,—new and yet
'tis old:
Comrade for the Stars and Stripes, ¹THE SABLE AND
THE GOLD!
They'll chant the Defense of North Point, revere its
honored name,
And glory in the story of the brave McHenry's fame!

Can we forget our sires who so nobly manned the guns?
No! their lives in our being a crimson current runs;
We'll strew their graves with flowers, while they slum-
ber in the dust;
Cherish their eternal fame and in their God we'll trust!

Tribute our Country brings from realm of heroic Art
To the ²brave, tried soldier, to the ³bard of valiant
heart;
Our City stands resplendent, robed in Defenders' fame,
She vows her love and care; she invokes the Holy
Name!

¹A name suggested by the writer for the Baltimore City
Flag.

²Armistead.

³Key.

WASHINGTON—AMERICA.

(The first monument in the world to Washington was erected in Baltimore. The first site selected for it was that of the Battle Monument. The successful defense of the City in 1814 made a change, and the Washington Monument was placed in Howard's Woods, now Washington Place, on land a gift from General John Eager Howard. The City received a name which it has maintained: "The Monumental City.")

In the morning hour of an eventful day
There rose a chieftain of heroic mould;
Native of our soil; product of our home;
None nobler in the calendar of Time.
He close to nature lived; breathed the spirit
Which haunts the mountain height at early dawn;
Of streams which fill the great sea to its brim;
The sea, majestic type of liberty!
He felt the thrill of the primeval wood;
Clasped the red man's hand; his endurance tried;
In the open slept; conned prophetic stars;
On virgin soil claimed inherent rights for man:

The heritage of those to Freedom born.
In crucial hour repelled Oppression's sway;
Blended the undismayed in patriot bands;
In the gloom, stayed their living trust in God;
On his country's altar his substance laid;
The treasure of his valiant being poured.
Wondrous the story: the eight long-drawn years,
Hallowed by sacrifice of blood and tears,
Through which he our fathers, in triumph, led
And set above the clouds our starry fold;
His gift—a comrade for the quenchless stars.
His sword, subservient to the people's weal;
See! with stainless laurel and myrtle crowned!
These speak not the measure of his great fame—
At his command the walls of State arose,
With Freedom crowned, they touch the very skies.
Entrenched in Justice may they ever stand,
Templed for longings of the human soul,
The Master-builder's skill and power proclaim!
He more than builder of a nation's fate—
The architect of mighty Destinies
For the struggling of every race and clime.
The coming years will not obscure his fame;
Bear it on, undimmed, to the verge of time.
The world's great heart will grateful homage pay
To the Providence Who for ages gave
Washington, the farmer, patriot, soldier,
Statesman, Christian, sage!

AMERICA: God set thee here—apart—
Blessed of every clime, and for every clan.
He vision gave to longing heart and soul—
The strong, the useful life, for every one.
The walls of State are those of Righteousness,

Deep graven with her illustrious name;
Alien wrongs repel, passions dark subdue;
Toil,—with patience toil,—for the golden age;
Bid man, the brother, stand, walk, leap and run,
In Freedom's light,—seek her meridian sun!
Haste! warp and woof of kindly virtues weave,
And belt the teeming globe with love around;
Knit the nations, all, in the Heaven-born bonds
Of brotherhood for all the realms of Time!

GENERAL JOHN EAGER HOWARD.

MARYLAND'S DISTINGUISHED SOLDIER; BALTIMORE'S
BENEFACTOR.

(A sentiment suggested by the Equestrian Statue, Washington Place, Baltimore.)

Ne'er the sculptured dome for him; for him the bound-
less sky,
Where Summer's golden sunbeams glow; Winter's tem-
pests fly.
On the enduring granite read Howard's cherished name
While he for centuries rides redolent with fame!

**LINES ON THE PROGRAM FOR THE UNVEILING OF
THE MEMORIAL TABLET TO FRANCIS SCOTT
KEY—Mount Vernon Place Methodist
Episcopal Church.**

*(Inscribed to the Baltimore Chapter, Daughters of the
American Revolution.)*

I.

At gateway of a City stood
A singer of heroic mood;
He swept his country's golden lyre:—
The Nation stands,—a glorious choir.

II.

The Anthem of the brave and free,
Fragrant of earth,—of sky and sea;
Its every strain,—in grand accord;—
The love of country: trust in God.

III.

The comrade for our starry fold
Is Anthem with its chords of gold;
'Tis comrade for our radiant stars:—
For whom the golden ages are.

IV.

Here,—the Patriot-Poet fell on sleep;
Here,—a hallowed fane doth vigils keep;
Here,—grateful hearts rear graven name,
In loving tribute to his fame!

V.

Midst heroes, founders, statesmen, seers;
Treasures high heaped for all the years,
Where the brave and true fondly linger,
We greet our Country's *bravest* singer!

THE UNVEILING OF THE MEMORIAL TABLET TO FRANCIS SCOTT KEY—January 11th, 1913.

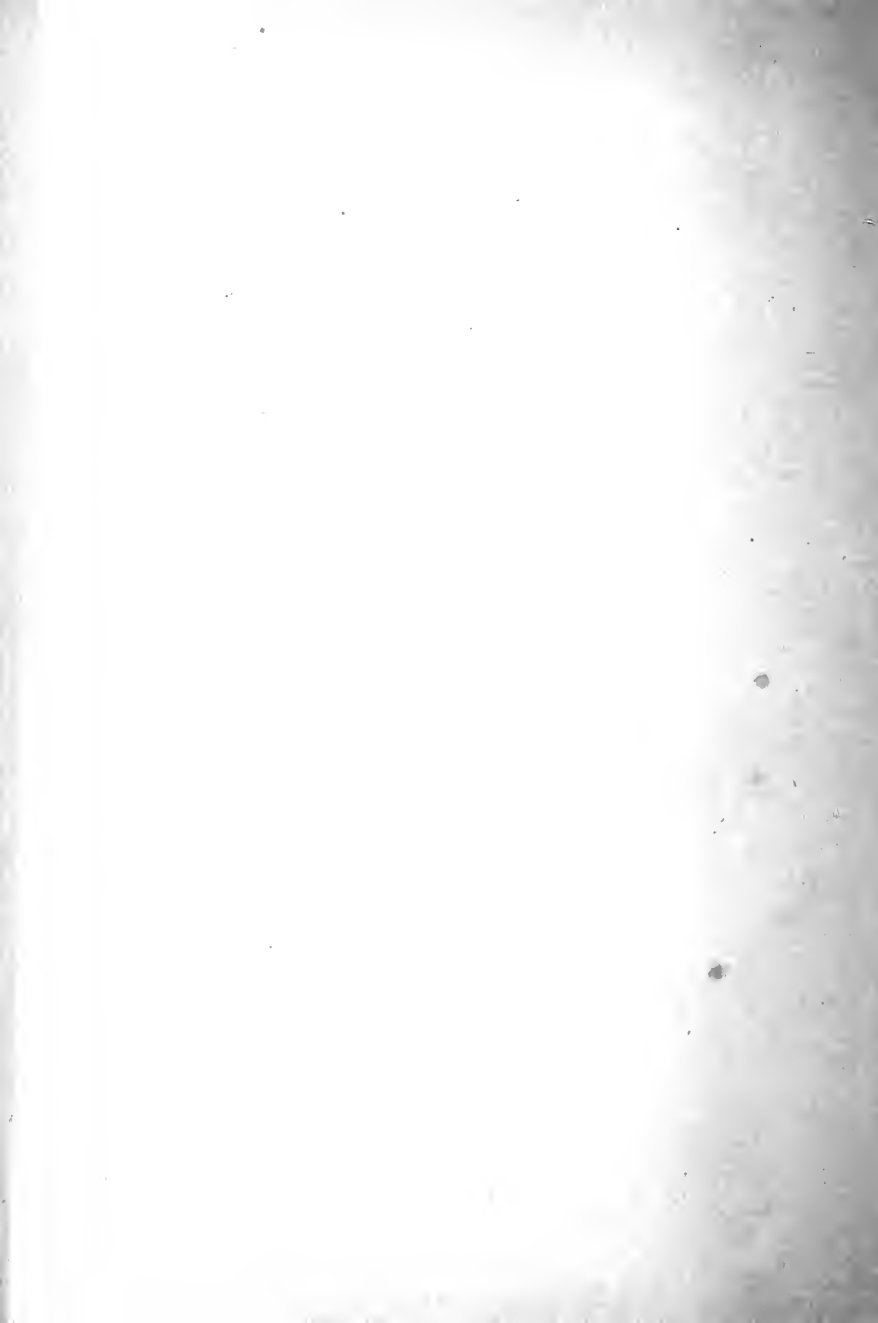
REMARKS BY EDWIN HIGGINS.

It is with an appropriate service today we would mark the spot where three-score and ten years ago FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, the gifted author of "The Star-



KEY MEMORIAL TABLET—MOUNT VERNON PLACE N. E. CHURCH, BALTIMORE, MD.

In yonder portico doth justice greet
 The morning sun, and look upon the shaft
 Our patriot fathers reared, to commemorate
 The splendid victory o'er invaders won.



Spangled Banner," departed this life. It was at the gateway of our city he set to music the valorous deeds of our fathers, performed in the defense of Home, Country and Freedom.

We think of North Point and Fort Covington; especially of Fort McHenry and the memorable days and nights of September, 1814; flag of fifteen stripes and fifteen stars, in defiance waving above the ramparts of the valiant little fort. We send greetings to the monument beneath which the Patriot-Poet sleeps, today, in dear old Frederick Town, under the shadow of the blue hills of his childhood, where, when dying, he expressed the wish to be buried; to the magnificent statue in Golden Gate Park on the Pacific Coast facing the isles of the sea and the far-off, yet awakening, lands of the East; the beautiful memorial, only a bowshot away, crowning the knoll in Eutaw Place.

While we cherish the record of Key as a jurist, diplomat, patriot, philanthropist and Christian—it is with united voices we sing the Anthem which has won for him, alike fame, and the responsive gratitude of the American people. This consecrated spot and historic neighborhood are rich with memories of Francis Scott Key. It was here the old flag, shell-riven and time-stained, was tendered as a pall for his burial in old St. Paul's graveyard. In the square to the right is the statue of Roger Brooke Taney, for twenty-eight years the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Taney married Key's sister. In the square to the left stands the statue of George Peabody, the benefactor of two worlds. He was a comrade in arms with Key, in the same rifle company, and they equipped themselves at their own expense. The Peabody Insti-

tute is on the site of the residence of John P. Kennedy, author and statesman, who gave the first place to a *fac simile* of "The Star-Spangled Banner" in the "Autograph Leaves of American Authors," which was published for "sweet charity's sake" in the throes of civil strife in 1864. We look upon the monument to Washington—majestic in its simplicity, the first to his memory—and we recall the fact that General John Ross Key, the father of the Poet, was a friend of Washington, and at the beginning of the Revolution, in young manhood, as a lieutenant marched with his rifle corps from Frederick Town to Boston, and it is said, were the first troops from the South to cast their fortune with Washington and for the Independence of America. In August, 1791, President Washington, on his way from Mount Vernon to Philadelphia, was the guest of General Key at his home, Terra Rubra, on Pipe Creek. The neighbors for miles around came to pay their respects to the man who led in achieving the freedom of the country; the words with which he responded to their greetings are brimming with emotion.

Washington was very fond of children—and it is scarcely a stretch of the imagination to believe he drew close to his side, and placed his hand in blessing on the little boy who was destined, in the Second War of Independence, to give the world a song which has thrilled the hearts of millions and enshrined in poetic beauty and power the flag which the great commander gave his country. General John Eager Howard, Maryland's most distinguished soldier and our City's greatest benefactor, gave the site for the monument and the squares about it. His equestrian statue is here. One of General Howard's sons married a daughter of Francis Scott Key.

It was a notable occasion; a Democratic National Convention had assembled in the city. A throng of citizens and visitors assembled here in Howard's woods. There came a band of music in a wagon decorated with flags, drawn by eight gray horses. They came to honor the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner," who was the guest of his son and daughter in their home which was on the site of this church. The band played familiar and patriotic airs until Mr. Key appeared on the portico; then it rendered his song. A great wave of enthusiasm swept over the assemblage, spontaneous and overflowing; amid ringing cheers strong men wept and embraced each other. The original draft of "The Star-Spangled Banner" is in the safekeeping of the Walters Art Gallery, at the foot of the hill.

May I be permitted to say that it is with more than pleasure I participate in the joy of those who have accomplished the patriotic work we witness today, for in December, 1894, not quite twenty years ago, I made the suggestion in writing to the Pastor and Trustees of this church. It was a patriotic woman that gave the marble for the statue of Washington which crowns the monument. The hands of devoted women fashioned the flag which inspired Key to sing the valor of the defenders and his country's glory. So in the twilight hours of this day, the Daughters of the American Revolution unveil a beautiful memorial tablet, the workmanship of Hans Schuler, one of our own artists, in the most appropriate place in all the world, to the author of the Nation's Anthem.

A word more. It was in September, 1814, Key went on his memorable mission of devoted personal friendship and patriotism. He pinned the white flag of peace

beneath that of his country, and gave more than ten days of his time, without compensation, to secure the release of a venerated friend who had been carried away on the enemy's fleet as a prisoner; threatened with summary vengeance for the alleged violation of duty as a non-combatant, Key became a prisoner of war; put in peril his own life to secure the release of his friend. The Divine Being without whose notice a sparrow doth not fall to ground, saw the gracious deed and opened wide for Key the door of opportunity; placed a song in his heart and bade him wait until his countrymen had won the victory at Baltimore, and then enter the Temple of Fame to sing his country's glory.

Secure, the land, from failure and decay while its mothers and daughters perpetuate the good and the great in bronze and stone; make them themes for praise around the hearthstone, and write them deep in the lives of grateful people. Fortunate the man whose name is blended with his country's honor, her fame and her glory. A Nation's lyric! It sings its way from every schoolhouse, on the lips of our children to every home in the land. It is the Nation's song in peace and war. The Song of the Nation: it greets the uplifted Flag—the symbol of the Republic of the West, at the rising of the sun, to inspire us to worthy and ennobling deeds. It is the Song of the Flag and the Nation, at the going down of the sun to commend us to the care and guidance of Him who hath made and keeps us a Nation.

Key's Grave—Frederick, Md.

'Neath blaze of day, Night's sable bars,
Sleep, Patriot-Poet, sleep!
The Flag, the great hills and the stars
Their sleepless vigils keep!

COLUMBUS.

(The first monument to Columbus in America is at the Samuel Raddy School, Baltimore. The following lines were suggested by the unveiling of a bronze wreath on the monument to Columbus in Druid Hill Park.)

* * * * *

Avaunt! Ye years of disappointed hope,
Of fruitless effort, unrequited toil.
Avaunt! Faith broken, weariness of heart,
Dreams and visions gone out in nothingness.
Avaunt! Perils, travail and disasters,
Beneath shredded sails and on splintered beams,
With mutinous crew, o'er starless, storm-tossed
waves.

Avaunt! Hate, chains and prison! Cruel wrongs
On him heaped more than mountain high—

Avaunt!

Oft it's lot of those who love their fellows
To suffer. It's the penalty and crown
For the noblest and most sacred of gifts
On the race bestowed—while the giver lives,
Love for others means sacrifice and toil;
Love supreme—blood, aye, life itself—laid down
That others may be blessed.

When contempt, envy, hate and greed their course
Have run and lie buried in oblivion's grave,
The benefactor lives. After-time doth
Atonement make. His deeds are on our lips,
His memory in our hearts. Brave Genoese,
Of bold, strong, undaunted, heroic soul!
Sons of thy native clime before thee stand,

At thy feet their children sweet tribute lay,
And all who dwell within our broad domain,
And those who delve the ocean's depths around,
And all who by majestic thoughts and deeds
Are profoundly stirred—in deep reverence stand—
With glowing love in heart, and praise on tongue,
Before thy eternal fame!

Patriotic.

OUR COUNTRY.

*(The United States of America. An imperishable galaxy of
unquenchable stars.)*

Her glorious mountains kiss the skies,
The seas chant at her feet;
For her Morn weaves his Orient dyes,
And Stars their jewels keep.

For her pure fountains pour their rills
A-down the fragrant plain;
Majestic rivers cleave the hills,
Resistless to the main.

Rich harvest fields and meadow land,
Great lakes and glens of green,
With wooded heights and heavens grand
Make up the matchless scene.

Here's home and school and sacred spire,
And ways of stone and steel;
The whirl of wheel and flame of fire—
Ten thousand anvils peal.

Here Learning rears her stately crest,
Science her altar fire;
The Ages bring their offerings blest
To lift our country higher.

O'er our broad land no monarch reigns
To dazzle or to awe;
Justice the rights of man maintains
In majesty of law.

A hallowed love about her clings,
Its fragrance ne'er can die;
The memory of her heroes brings
The tear to every eye.

For her ten million sons would bare
The breast to every foe;
Would seal the lips with praise and prayer
And let the life blood flow.

Her flag sweeps o'er the boundless deep,
In splendor waves on high—
O God of Love, our country keep,
And lift her to the sky!

Nothing less than the very best is good enough for our
country.

THE FLAG AND THE SONG.

(Two incidents referred to in the Poem may need explanation: Major George Armistead, commandant of Fort McHenry during the bombardment, September 13 and 14, 1814, was ordered to vacate it; he persisted, and maintained a successful and brilliant defense; in the darkness preceding the morning of the 14th the firing ceased, and Mr. Key was in doubt and suspense until "the dawn's early light" revealed Our Flag triumphantly waving over the battlements. The Poem was dedicated, with her permission, to Mrs. Hubbard, the wife of Major E. B. Hubbard, Commandant of the Fort, and was read by her at a reception given at the Fort to the Daughters of the American Revolution, May 20th, 1909. A city paper, referring to the occasion, states: "The Flag and the Song" was honored with enthusiastic applause and the author was presented a wreath by little Miss Hubbard.")

Abandon the fort? Tear the glorious ensign down?
Open the gateway to the bold Baltimore Town?
Nay, say the men with "greyhounds" abroad on the
 sea;
We have never been conquered and never can be!

There stands brave North Point, with its battle nobly
 won;
This is Fort McHenry, with brave men at each gun.
The sun sinks in darkness, but on, on, goes the fight;
The brave are heroes in the dark as in the daylight.

The stars burn their torches through the perilous fight,
For heroes stake their lives for their country and right;
Lo! rifts in the battle clouds—the halo of flame;
There is incense for valor; there is honor and fame.

Red-handed the missiles hurled—demons of slaughter,
Yet the defenders of home ne'er quail or falter;
The rockets' red glare and the bombs bursting in air
Give proof through the night the defenders are still
there.

In the throes of conflict, in the tempest of night,
Was one who loved his country with whole soul and
might:
When silence stilled the voice of the fort and the deep
His great heart was so torn it would fain sing or weep.

He watches for dawn. Lo! it transfigures the skies!
Folds up the robes of night and bids the sun arise.
He robes with gold the fort, the river's frowning shore,
The embattled hills and the valiant Baltimore.

Choirs unseen are chanting adown the azure steep,
Bugles and trumpets calling o'er the Chesapeake;
Patapsco's dancing minstrels sweep the silver chord;
United their voices—we stay our trust in God!

Key hears the mystic music, scans the glowing skies,
High in cloudless splendor his country's banner flies!
His heart with song o'erflows with the triumphant
morn;—

It was thus, my countrymen, our country's song was
born.

Ne'er can the world forget McHenry's thrilling story;
Its bold, intrepid band of deathless fame and glory;
Ne'er can it forget the patriot, hero, singer;
He thrills a nation's heart; will thrill it forever.

Flag of the Free, majestic! of blue field and the stars,
Of morning light and crimson, we love thee for thy
scars!

Dear song for the ages! a people brave and free,
In thy fair presence stand and homage pay to thee!

Here the shades of the heroes tread the watchful round,
Man the storied battlements—consecrated ground.
We march 'neath the starry flag, fairest ever given,
The joy of our country's heart—glory crowned by
Heaven.

The brave Flag of our Nation
Hath a glad anthem won,
And it will follow the Flag,
As the sunshine the sun!

OUR FLAG.

FLAG DAY, JUNE 14.

(The Flag was adopted June 14, 1777.)

AIR:—"Maryland, My Maryland," or Other Simple Air.

Our Flag is waving in the breeze
Like blooming boughs on fragrant trees,
O'er mountain height, o'er boundless main,
O'er prairies rich with golden grain,
O'er cities fair, with happy throng,
O'er cannon with their thunder song;
'Tis waving high, o'er school and home,
As proudly as o'er stately dome.

OR, For the *First* Verse, if Preferred, Substitute *this* Stanza :

Oh, see, Our Flag is marching by,
It robes the street, illumines the sky;
There's cheering by rejoicing throng,
The Anthem's strains, the cannon song;
'Tis waving high, o'er school and home,
As proudly as o'er stately dome;
'Tis marching far o'er land and sea,
In footsteps of the brave and free!

About its fold doth glory cling,
Like blossoms on the breast of Spring;
Its tints born of the jeweled morn
When Day treads in the steps of Dawn,
Were woven there by patriot band
When cries for Freedom rent the land;
They bathed its stripes in blood and tears
And rose triumphant o'er their fears.

It fires the heart of youth and age
With spirit of a deathless page;
It breaks Oppression's iron rod,
Bids all the world have faith in God.
O Flag, lead Freedom's mighty host
Till every human heart may boast
In every land beneath the sun
That all her battles have been won!

A PLEDGE:

(All standing with uplifted hand.)

Majestic standard of the free,
We pledge anew our love to thee!

AN INVOCATION :

(All with bowed or uncovered head.)

Almighty God, Thine arm defend
Our blended Stars till time shall end!

Amen!

OR

A PLEDGE :

Majestic Standard of the Free!
Thine nobler triumphs yet to be!
We pledge them by thy quenchless Stars!
Thy glowing stripes and valiant scars!

AN INVOCATION :

O God, beneath Thy gracious arm
The ages march, secure from harm;
Glory-crowned e'er our Standard be—
Majestic Standard of the Free!

Amen!

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

We greet our country's natal day;
'Tis fragrant and sublime;
It for the people blazed the way
Through all the realms of time.
On sunlit peaks the cedars sing,
From snow-clad cliffs clear fountains spring—
They blend their voices with the sea:
A mighty chorus of the free.

When it aroused the dreaming world
And bade night's shadow flee,
It set a standard—wide unfurled—
From mountains to the sea.

"The morning stars" are wont to sing;
In haste to earth their torches bring,
And set them in our star-lit fold,
Each glowing star a lamp of gold.

Oh, deathless day! Brave, bold and strong,
A legacy for time!

Declaring right, denouncing wrong,
To every race and clime.

The patriot's soul speaks forth in thee—
'Tis boundless love, deep as the sea,
Speaks to the world: Be true, be free,
And win the sweets of liberty!

The struggling see thee from afar,
They seek thy radiant light;
They look to thee, their polar star,
And steer their course aright.

Freedom's songs will the nations sing:
List! The eternal arches ring!

Anthems of love and sacrifice
To God, who rules the earth and skies.

MONUMENT TO MEN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

A graceful shaft, in beauty stands!
A stainless gift from patriot hands!
About, a glad, rejoicing throng,
With lips attuned to grateful song.

The mountain glen, the smiling hill,
The fruitful field, the singing rill,
The shores of bay, the ocean's strand,
And every nook of Maryland—

Are wreathing garlands here for thee;
For those who fought to make us free;
Who brooked a tyrant's royal sway
And cleared the way for Freedom's day!

By valor crowned, these men of old
Did noble work—precious as gold;
Their worthy deeds will shine afar,
As in the dawn the Morning Star.

Exhaustless theme! Living glory:—
Jeweled book in country's story;
Its every page, bold and sublime
Record of an ennobling time.

The Cambridge elm, the Northern pine,
Dark Valley Forge, the Southern vine,
And Yorktown's crowning triumph won,
Tell of the brave and Washington!

O burning sun! O stars by night!
You saw their consecrated fight.
O winds! O clouds! O storms of snow!
Their sacrifice you all do know!

They need not gold, nor bronze, nor stone;
They are robed in glory, all their own;
They need not speech, nor pen, nor song,
For to the ages they belong.

Yet grateful hearts would speak their praise;
The votive marble heavenward raise,
For deeds achieved by noble strife
Uplift the world—to higher life!

Stand, patriot shaft! Stand robed in white!
You'll speak aloud—and speak aright—
To list'ning ages as they come:—
For God, for Country, and for Home!

O Thou, whose providential hand
Hath saved for us a favored land,
Save this shaft; bid its truths sublime
Bless all the world to end of time!

FOLLOW THE FLAG.

Winfield Scott Schley.

“Follow the Flag”: It is waving o'erhead,
The Chieftain signaled: the Brooklyn led.
Heroes go crashing through the crimsoned deep,
The giant guns in deep-tongued thunder speak;
They sweep a valiant foe from the Western sea
And burst his sceptred chains for Liberty!

A seaman falls near the Chieftain's bridge—
Toss him to the waves? 'Twould be sacrilege:
No lead for his feet—bring the purest gold;
Glory for his bed, 'neath yon starry fold—
Give him sacred rites; stay, lay him to rest
In some quiet dell—on his country's breast!

The stainless laurel wreathe for victory won:
For men beside, for men behind, the gun;
Wreathe for the stokers in the fiery pits,
Wreathe for the brave that man the glowing ships,
Wreathe for the humblest as for Chieftain tall.
Fame! on all let thy crimson splendors fall!
The Chieftain speaks: "There's glory enough
for all!"

O'er the billows of Time, Fame's pennons will go
As at close of the day off Santiago;
In the open, see, the bold Chieftain will stand,
None braver among men, the first in command!

CUBA:

Queen of the Antilles,
From thy ashes arise!
For, lo! at thy feet lies the proud fleet of thy foe,
All wrecked and strewn off the shores of Santiago—
Thy freedom is won!

THE BATTLE MONUMENT.

Bring the Flag, the Song, and music;
Bring flowers beautiful and rare;
Come! stand with your brow uncovered
In spirit of praise and prayer—
At foot of the memorial column,
In Battle Monument Square,
The shades of heroes immortal
Today are encamping there!

On Anniversary Days bring out the sweetest fabrics from
the cedar chest of memory.

Put me down \$50,000 for the defense of Baltimore.—
Isaac McKim.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

THE TWELFTH OF SEPTEMBER.

A host of glorious memories
Are watching o'er the deep,
Camping on North Point's battle field,
On Fort McHenry's keep,
Marching down the rejoicing hills
All jubilant to greet
The brave Patapsco's stream of song,
The chanting Chesapeake.
Tents they spread for the sacred dead
Along the river shore,
And guard the gates, the open gates,
Of dear old Baltimore.

They throng our homes, unseen they tread
The wharf, the mart, the street;
Yet you can see their pathway bright
By radiance pure and sweet—
In glowing stripes of white and red
In splendor drooping down,
In galaxy of golden stars
Shining in azure crown,
Their lips are silent, but on curs
A nation's song sublime!
Born of their fight for human rights,
We celebrate the time.

Oh, memories of the olden days,
Deeds of courageous men—
Grand heritage from hero breed,
Come, live for us again!
Come, wreath today yon marble shaft,
All redolent with fame,

And crown with glory's fadeless wreath
Each deathless hero's name!
We pledge anew to our dear land,
Invoking from above
The guidance of God's gracious hand
Out of His depths of love!

The Declaration of Independence was openly proclaimed in Baltimore, July 29th, 1776, from the old Court House, which stood on the site of the Battle Monument.

The Declaration of Independence and "The Star-Spangled Banner"—idealistic and yet practical—are inseparable comrades in perpetuating the Union of the American States and in the upbuilding of human freedom.

"The Star-Spangled Banner": the Jubilate of the American people. It has had three names: "The Defense of Fort McHenry"; "The Bombardment of Fort McHenry," and the present name.

BALTIMORE: The City of "The Star-Spangled Banner."—*Benjamin C. Howard.*

THE PRESIDENT IS DEAD.

(On the Death of President McKinley.)

The city stays her busy hand,
The plows in furrows idle stand;
The mountain crapes its lofty head
With cypress crowns and robes of lead—
The President is dead!

The sails are sable on the deep,
The rivers in the valleys weep;
The flag is lowered—there's muffled drum—
Our hearts are chilled, our lips are dumb—
The President is dead!

The nation writes a cherished name
Far up the heights of splendid fame;
The sun is shining: 'tis darksome night—
God lets it be: it must be right—
The President is dead!

The nation bears his fragrant bier
With clasped hands and flowing tear—
Committed to her loving care,
She trusts his God, she can not fear—
The President is dead!

WASHINGTONIAN MOVEMENT.

The noted Washingtonian Movement began in Baltimore. It was organized in 1840 by six workingmen, who had been members of a social, drinking club. They pledged themselves, as gentlemen, to become total abstainers. Within a year, the society, known as the "Washington Temperance Society," had seven hundred members, and rapidly extended over the country; a quarter of a million would be a low estimate of the habitual drinkers of intoxicants reclaimed—probably one-third of them drunkards. Its most prominent advocate, John H. W. Hawkins, of Baltimore, who had been a hard drinker, was reclaimed by his little daughter. The question has been asked why the Movement was named in honor of Washington. It may have been because Washington in a letter to a nephew urged him not to drink ardent spirits for they had been the ruin of one-half of the workingmen in the country; and they doubtless recalled the fact that Washington organized

the army to suppress the Whiskey Insurrection in Western Pennsylvania in 1796. He reviewed the troops in Cumberland, Md., and appeared amid the applause of the people for the last time in his uniform. It may have been because they had heard of the following pledge and agreement between Washington and his gardener:

"Philip Barter, the gardener, binds himself to keep sober for a year, and to fulfill the duties of the place, if allowed \$4 at Christmas with which to be drunk 4 days and 4 nights, \$2 at Easter to effect the same purpose, \$2 at Whitsuntide to be drunk for 2 days; a dram in the morning and a drink of grog at dinner and at noon.

"For the true and faithful performance of these things the parties have hereunto set their hands this 23rd day of April, A. D. 1787.

"PHILIP BARTER. His (X) Mark.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"Witness:

"GEORGE A. WASHINGTON.

"TOBIAS LEAR."

It is more than probable, however, that these workmen gave this name to their Movement because they esteemed the man who, having won freedom for his country, preserved and strengthened it by the bulwarks of the Constitution and Laws, entrenched in the affections of a grateful people.

The Washingtonian Movement gave the impulse to the Temperance Cause which led to the organization of societies pledged to secure legislation to restrict and suppress the traffic in intoxicating liquors for beverage

purposes. The Washingtonians believed that when tired or weary it was better to take a "nap" than a "nip." There is an interesting story of the old Washingtonian Banner, of white satin, fringed with golden tinsel—8 feet by 11 feet. The Banner became the property of the writer, and he recently presented it for safekeeping to the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Baltimore, retaining the portraits of the founders of the Movement. It was the privilege of the writer to draft the law placing the Temperance Text-books in the schools of Maryland, at the request of the W. C. T. U., and, as President of the Maryland State Temperance Alliance, to actively participate with Jonathan K. Taylor and others in securing its enactment.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

(Every State may place two Statues of citizens whom they would honor in Statuary Hall—the old Senate Chamber—in the Capitol, Washington, D. C. The only woman in the group of illustrious patriots is Frances E. Willard.)

Rich merit wins a trophied triumph here,
Redolent of prairies and inland seas;
Gift to the Nation from a sovereign State.
The grace and charm of loveliness are here
To bless the depths and heights of human life.
Love,—sublimest element of our being,
Far more than filled her gracious heart to brim;
It bade her dear hand with white ribbon bind

The destiny of millions of her kind,
For all the years, beneficent to come;
Plant their fair standard, pure, strong and free,
Beneath the starry flag of Liberty.

Duty,—talisman of laborious years,
Blent powerful forces for her country's weal;
Disclosed the insidious wiles of ancient wrongs;
Led her the Evangel for a nobler life
By paths untrod, up ideal heights to climb,
Bearing th' insignia of a new day's star.
She touched the smould'ring ashes on the hearth;
Dissipated the gloom of saddened homes;
Strewed afar flowers of Spring for childhood's feet;
Give it carol and song and grateful praise.
In ruder age she would have won the name
Of Saint, and anniversaries kept her fame.

With spirit of the Master deep imbued,
She would stay with gentleness th' ills of life;
Build happy homes, plant trees and fruits and flowers
Along the rugged wastes of earth and time—
Sheathe th' envenomed blade, furl ensanguined flag;
Bid th' angels of our better nature reign.
She needs no effigy to plead for fame;
Gratitude wreathes immortelles for her brow;
It rears to her the fair and sculptured stone.
Mark it well—she only of womankind—
She who touched lives with deeds of deathless love—
Stands midst the crowned heroes of our dear land!

O Illinois, at thy brave, bold command,
Frances Willard midst our country's heroes stands,
Clad in stainless robes, beautiful and white;
With those who for us wrote their names in blood!

Brave Commonweal! thou crowneth th' years of man
Or woman who toileth for the common good;
Sons and daughters are dear alike to thee:
Treasured for an immortal destiny.
On thy breast, her fame a fair jewel shines,
Lends dimless lustre to thy stately crest;
Whilst thou shalt other sons and daughters give
To country, to righteousness, and to God!

MONUMENT TO KEY—San Francisco, Cal.

(From Lecture, "Life and Times of Francis Scott Key.")

Key touched the heart-life of a young mechanic in Baltimore, who wandered in quest of fortune in other cities and South America, and finally found it by industry and sound business judgment on the Pacific Coast. James Lick reared the splendid monument to Key in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, at the cost of \$60,000, and with the same pen founded the observatory which bears the name of its founder. Lick honored Key and his song because they helped to make his own achievements and benefactions possible. He wished the world to know the sources of this inspiration in his life's work; to drink deep the spirit of patriotism and liberty, and, happy thought! his eyes having lingered with fond delight upon the stars of the flag, he would that future generations should know more of those realms where God hath set emblazoned hosts of jeweled stars to declare His glory and to evoke the adoration, the wonder and the investigation of the race.

The writer corresponded with Mr. Lick in reference to giving a fund for, or toward, a monument to Key to

be located in Patterson Park, commanding a view of North Point, the Patapsco and Fort McHenry. He had made the gift to San Francisco, and it had been accepted. After his death, at the request of the Secretary of the Lick Trust, the writer prepared a biographical sketch of Key which he sent with photographs of the Poet. They were used by the Sculptor, W. W. Story, in Rome, Italy, in designing the splendid memorial to Key in Golden Gate Park, facing the Pacific and the far-off, awakening lands of the East. It may be of interest to note that our city has given a site for a monument to Key in Patterson Park; City and State have made contingent appropriations amounting to \$25,000 towards it. Some day:—why not a splendid Memorial there, to commemorate the event and the men that made us a nation on the sea as on the land; a tribute to Valor and to Peace—to welcome the nations?

THE BALLOT.

Hail, Symbol of Freedom! Emblem of Might!
Ensign of Glory, and Champion of Right!
Thy likeness appears in wonderful guise,
Abroad in the land, on sea, in the skies:—
A leaf from the bough of Liberty's tree,
A crest on the wave of the restless sea,
A star resplendent in the crown of night,
A shaft from the sun in celestial white.
Firm as the mountain, yet frail as the flower,
Unknown to the ages, now regnant with power;
Swift as the lightning to avenge a wrong;
Thy hand sets to music the patriot's song.

Thy spirit doth the inspiration give:—
The lowly and struggling arise to live,—
Not in the dim twilight when sunset dies,—
But in growing splendor, in Columbian skies.

* * * * *

Thy edict sends greetings or armies abroad;
Thy voice for the right is the voice of God.

Our fathers for thee reared an altar of right;
For thee pledged their all in perilous fight;
Bore thee resplendent through Tyranny's night,
And crowned thee in triumph in Freedom's light.
For thee were precious streams of crimson shed,
And valiant hearts are sleeping with the dead.

* * * * *

Dastard and mean the act: the deed ill done,
Which stifles the voice of the humblest one!
For place, in passion, for party, or self,
Makes treason of conscience for greed or pelf.
'Tis beak of vulture, not an eagle's wind,
Which replaces for thee a spurious thing;
The mark of crime on the miscreant go brand,
Who despoils thee with his impious hand—
No honor for him, but an ignoble fame
Will follow him beyond the grave in shame.
But Honor and Love bring garland and voice
To the Ballot which speaks the people's choice!

* * * * *

No casket e'er filled with jewels to brim,
Or music which sings in a nation's hymn,
So dear to hearts that for their country burn,
As the precious life of the civic urn!

VICTORY: THROUGH SUNSHINE AND STORM.

The trees are naked; no vestige of green;
Streams of sunshine in the branches are seen.

The fields are drifted with untródden snow;
Beneath, the myrtle in beauty doth grow.

Abroad, in the land, the tempest is heard;
Spring is coming with the love-song of bird!

Stars hide their torches, reluctant to shine—
Shine! myrtle and holly, cedar and pine!

There is gloom above—the sun doth not shine;
Yet a hand from above is clasping thine!

No night is so dark but it passeth away,
Fading in the glory-light of cloudless day.

Thy burden, though great, shall be lifted up,
And angels pour blessings from Mercy's cup.

The blossom and bird may live in the shade,
But the world's heroes are by tempests made.

Then on bravely work! for doth not Heaven give
The dark and the light in which men must live?

Onward and upward! thy life-work perform;
God will give victory through sunshine and storm!

OKLAHOMA.

Admitted July 4, 1908.

There is a new star in the flag today,
Shining in the blue, with resplendent ray;
'Midst other stars, the brave, the strong, the free—
Gems in the galaxy of Liberty!

It guards a fair land where the crystal leaps
To fragrant plains and to the ocean sweeps;
It guards the great flocks the green hillsides crown;
Meadows with floral wreaths to valleys down.

It guards the eagle in his mountain flight,
And the mountain, in its steep, dizzy height;
Guards the homes o'er Oklahoma's bosom spread,
Where Joy and Peace in sweet procession tread.

From the depths of wondrous beauty—grace—
Oklahoma shines, prophetic of a race
That shall project a nation's jeweled shield
To defend the Right till the Wrong shall yield;
And then shall lift aloft, and love to own,
The Nation's Stars before Jehovah's throne!

INAUGURATION DAY.

(Of President Taft; a great snowstorm, March 4, 1909.)

Above the splendor of the Capitol the Storm King holds
his sway;

At the uplifting of his sceptre the snowflakes wing their
way—

They spread his tents o'er plain and mountain, and
plant his standards 'round,
Till all the trees are in silver robed and jewels crown
the ground.

Powerless the arm of man when Storm King shouts his
battle cry,

And sweeps the streets and avenues with battalions from
the sky—

He stays the trains and stills the wires; he obstructs
the people's way

Who would usher in with grand huzzas a Nation's fes-
tive day!

Then up to the Throne which rules the earth, the
boundless realm of skies,

On trustful wings, to stay the storm, prayers of sup-
pliant millions rise!

Lo! sunbeams cleave the sable clouds, blend gold with
the drifting snow—

The rough old King lays his sceptre down, the winds
breathe soft and low!

Acclaim the day *and honor him who launched on
Time's restless sea

The Ark of the world's fondest hopes—a refuge for the
free!

Again in the jocund Springtime may a people's strength
and flower

The day of a golden epoch mark with pageantry and
power!

Now, to the blare of the trumpet and the roll-call of the
drum,
On, beneath the echoing arches, the cheering columns
come.
Beautiful! the smile of Peace on helmets, tranquil light
on swords,
Marching to transport born of music—music of heaven-
borne words!

On, on, to salvos of rejoicing beneath the Stripes and
Stars,
March our soldiers with their banners and our veterans
with their scars!
Potent the freeman's ballot! Wonderful the change it
hath wrought!
It gives the palm to the victors after party conflicts
fought!

Now, from our own dear land and the isles afar in the
sea,
There comes a thrilling fullness, the adoration of the
free—
Whether we bask in the sunshine or bow to the Storm
King's rod,
Forever this shall our motto be: We stay our trust in
God!

*The 30th day of April—Washington's First Inauguration
Day.

THE GLORY OF NATIONS.

On through the ages gone the ruling power was Might;
Rarely was the crucial question asked, Is it right?
The lion from his lair and the eagle in his flight,
To rob, enslave and kill found calling and delight.

Ancient legions and squadrons o'ershadowed the world,
And the weak trembled when their standards were unfurled;

From unhallowed ambition flowed great rivers of crime,
The wreckage of nations strewed the ocean of time.

Ne'er for an hour, O weary, lose faith or despair;
The day star will shine, the coming day will be fair!
Slowly—yes, slowly—the new light comes breaking in
To sweeten earth's battle-field and its awful din.

Our fathers blazed a way for Freedom and for Right,
And built them a temple fair on the grave of Might.
There are giants and Titans to be fought and slain
E'er we stand rejoicing in Time's field of harvested grain.

Why restless travail of men and nations for wealth?
True comrades for life are Thrift, Contentment and Health!

Unstable as water, riches may run away;
Ambition's the fleeting sunshine of a winter's day.

It is not the wealth of the few, though fairly reared;
Grandeur in living, though it with others be shared;
Magnificent palaces adorning the skies,
That bring to men and nations glory that ne'er dies.

It is not the great city with its radiant street,
Where Mammon treads heartless, with his hard, crushing feet;

Or the broad acres where Ease would listlessly stray,
That broadens upward for nations glory's highway.

The life pure and simple—this is Glory's goal—
The sweet well spring of life for the body and soul!
Free and enlightened, though lowly the home life be,
'Tis to life of nations what salt is to the sea!

* * * * *

Go, rob Night of her glory crown—the moon and stars
That cheer the heart of man and bind its wound and
scars!

Go, blot the sun at noontide from its radiant home—
But spare the glory of nations—true life and the home!

Ne'er from fear or hate can Glory to summits rise;
Glory is born of love; is offspring of the skies;
The brave, sturdy virtues weave an enduring story,
For men and nations wreath laurel crowns of glory.

Out from the great brazen gun and the hostile spar
Speed joyful message of peace from star to star;
And each list'ning star will become a radiant sun,
A centre of growing love while the ages run.

Some morn will Glory stand on heaven-lit peaks of
Time,
Plant her banner stainless there, beautiful, sublime;
Stay, ever stay, Earth's crimsoned stream of tears and
blood,
And men and nations bind in bonds of brotherhood!

SOURCES OF THE INSPIRATION OF THE NATIONAL ANTHEM, "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

In the realms of literature genius rears its own enduring monuments. The blended creations of the intellect and the heart survive the mightiest empires and

the stateliest fabrics of the human hand. A book, an oration, a page, a song touching from generation to generation the universal heart, carries the name of its author down through the ages. One-third of the Scriptures are poetic. Poetry is the enduring form of literature. The patriotic songs of nations have been the repositories of stirring and memorable events, and at times the epitome of a nation's history. A prospector finding a nugget of gold knows no rest until, for more, he has explored the mountain stream from which it came. So the world would know more of the men whose genius has kindled the fires and replenished the flames and wafted the incense from the golden altars of literature in every heroic or enlightened age.

The world invites investigation into the causes that have produced the masterpieces which evoke the admiration and the homage of time and have touched with potent influence the lives of men. Volcanic forces rear the loftiest mountains. The crushed shrub gives the sweetest fragrance. When the storm has ceased and the artillery of heaven is hushed into silence, all the tints of earth and sky blend in the beauty of the bow that spans the horizon. When night unfurls her banner in the sky she awakens the richest and purest notes of the feathered minstrelsy of the woodland. So it has ever been with the authors of the most notable productions in literature—some great stress of circumstances must press upon them; some mighty tugging at the heartstrings must make them speak or sing from out the depths of their souls. History is rich with illustrations. Francis Scott Key, the gifted author of the national anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner," sprang from worthy, intellectual, heroic stock. His childhood

home, in Frederick County, Maryland, was amid scenery where nature had lavished beauty and fertility at his feet, and strewn splendor over the blue hills about him and in the spanning skies above his head; where history had planted her standards to commemorate noble deeds, never to fade or grow old. His association was from the first with those who had won for his country a place among the nations, and the stories of the sacrifices and triumphs of the American Revolution were perennial themes around their hearthstones. His college days were passed in Annapolis, the "Ancient City," rich in provincial and patriotic history. His class in St. John's College, for its merit, won the title of "The Tenth Legion"—that of Julius Cæsar's favorite army corps.

His father, Gen. John Ross Key, in early manhood was a lieutenant in a company of riflemen at the beginning of the war; they marched to Boston, on foot, and were among the first to enroll under Washington; and, later on, he mustered a troop of horse, and they were en route to join Washington at Yorktown when Cornwallis surrendered.

He was a friend and confidant of Washington. The great Chief enjoyed the hospitality of the Key home, Terra Rubra, in Frederick County, on his way to Philadelphia, the seat of Government, in 1791; and paid, with great emotion, a splendid tribute to the unfaltering devotion of her people to him and the Revolution. So the boy received kindly notice from him, and ever cherished precious, inspiring memories for the coming years.

Francis Scott Key made his home in the District of Columbia when the seat of the Federal Government was located there, and was brought into social and pro-

fessional relations with representative people from all portions of the country.

In the War of 1812-15 Key volunteered as a member of a rifle company which equipped itself at its own expense; he served in Southern Maryland, and was Aid to General Samuel Smith in the battle at Bladensburg. A haughty and imperious foe that once ruled his country invaded her borders and sought to restrict and dominate her affairs. He had witnessed the devastation of the shores of the Potomac, the Chesapeake and their tributaries; he had participated in the defeat and retreat of his countrymen at Bladensburg, and he had looked with humiliation and chagrin on the capture and burning at the national capital. Pinning the white flag of peace beneath that of his country, he deliberately, as he states in a letter to his mother, gave ten days of his time in seeking for and securing the release of a venerated friend,* who had been carried away on the enemy's fleet as prisoner, threatened with summary vengeance for the alleged violation of his duty as a citizen or non-combatant. Key became a prisoner of war for his sake—put in peril his own life to secure the release of his friend. He who ruleth in the affairs of men and nations saw the gracious act of the patriot-prisoner, opened for him the gates of opportunity, and yet bade him wait until his countrymen had won the signal victory at Baltimore which led to peace between the nations and gave his country the freedom of the seas. While on this eventful mission Key heard the loud boasting that the chief city of his native State, which had sent out more privateers, "fleet clippers," "swift greyhounds of the seas," than any other against

*Dr. William Beanes, a patriot of the Revolution.

the invaders should feel the arm of retaliation and revenge; that they would crush her rising power and subdue the proud spirit of her people. While he saw and heard, the fires of patriotic indignation burned within him. He looked upon the fleet of the invaders—a very armada, with its host of veterans plummed with the victories won under Wellington, England's greatest captain, and flushed by those but just achieved—and he saw it draw its cordon of aggression across the Patapsco and along its shores, and then rain shot and shell upon the valiant little Fort commanding the gateway to the city. Would it make resistance? Its voice of thunder in reply shakes the earth. It has been condemned. A band of brave men man its guns. Can it withstand the assault? Above its ramparts streams the flag of his country, made by fair hands within the city, which as a queen sits enthroned upon the adjacent hills and sends her sons to meet the enemy at her gates. It is bathed anon in the glow of sunshine, shrouded in the storm cloud of battle, or revealed through rifts in the gloom, by the rockets' red glare. That Flag is the symbol of his country's glory and power—the ensign of a lusty young giant, the Republic of the West. Long-drawn are the hours of that sleepless, watchful night to those who in the dark and rain tread with anxious steps the deck of the Minden. Before the dawn the smouldering guns are still. Silence broods over the Fort, the river and the shores. Alternate hope and fear elate or depress the heart of Key. Silence—means it victory or defeat? It is the gleam of the early dawn. There is a flag—it waves high above the battlements of Fort McHenry. It is—it is that of his country! The gates of opportunity are now flung apart. A song which had

been a dream in the past to him seizes the occasion—an occasion given by heaven because he had done a gracious, noble act of self-sacrifice and for another, fragrant with love of country and humanity.

Sing, brave, patient, loving heart—full and overflowing—all you have seen, heard and felt! Sing it all in undying numbers; the valor of freedom, the love of country, and of “Trust in God”! See history and prophecy unite. Courage and patriotism, strength and pathos, prayer and praise, mingle their elements in the song. ’Tis the bravest of all our songs—born at our city’s gates, in the throes of battle, in the hour of triumph. Baltimore has many beautiful and appropriate names—none sweeter, however, than that of “The City of the Star-Spangled Banner.” It is more than a pleasure to pen this imperfect tribute to the patriot-prisoner, the patriot-poet, and to send it to *The American*, which hastened a century ago to give the National Anthem to our country and the world. The Nation has responded with emotion and ever-growing enthusiasm to its inspiring strains. The anthem for peace and war, its sublime teachings, like the tints of the Flag, borrowed from earth and sky, will as comrade of the Declaration of Independence appeal to all of every race and clime who may love the rights of man down to the “last syllable of recorded time.” Did not Key meditate a patriotic song? In a letter to John Randolph of Roanoke early in 1814 he says the country needs such a song.*

*Judge Joseph H. Nicholson and Samuel Sands were pleasantly identified with the publication of “The Star-Spangled Banner.”

The subsequent career of Francis Scott Key illumines the years of his earlier manhood. They were the blossoms on a tree which bore sweet and abundant fruit. I would fain add a few words. Several of his poems are fragrant with power and beauty of diction, notably, "The Welcome to Decatur," in which the author gives a name to the Flag, "The Star-Spangled Flag"; "Mary Magdalene," which does appear among his published poems; a suggested, additional stanza to Burns' "John Anderson, My Jo"; "Lord, with Glowing Heart I'd Praise Thee," found in our Hymnals; "The Nobleman's Son," Key's last poem, written a few days before his death. He was a lay reader for years in the Protestant Episcopal Church. "Wilberforce's Practical Christianity" was a favorite book.

Key was the devoted advocate for 25 years in the colonizing of our Colored people in a home, and with a Republic of their own, in Africa. He manumitted his own servants. The names of some of his associates are deep-written in American history—Charles Carroll, who was not afraid to write "of Carrollton" after his name when it meant danger; James Madison, President and the father of the Constitution of the United States; John Marshall, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; Henry Clay, the Statesman of Peace; John Eager Howard, of Revolutionary fame; John McDonough, the founder of the McDonough Institute. President Lincoln gave his influence to the cause of Colonization; and Robert E. Lee, subsequently the general of Confederate fame, manumitted some of his servants; he provided for them homes in Liberia, Africa; they sailed from Baltimore.

Draw from such and kindred facts your own deductions. Is it visionary to believe that in the unfolding plans of the Almighty—in whose sight the centuries are as a day—the representative Afro-American—civilized and Christianized—will enter and possess the Dark Continent and work out a useful and noble destiny? So thought the men I have named.

Key had an established reputation as an orator, jurist and diplomat. His addresses delivered on important occasions have been preserved. For four years preceding his death he appeared in one-fifth of the cases reported in the Supreme Court of the United States. The intimate friendship and confidence of President Jackson is found in his appointment as the Attorney of the United States for the District of Columbia, the seat of Government; and especially in the delicate missions entrusted to him and successfully accomplished in the matter of the Indian troubles in Alabama, and in the Nullification controversy in South Carolina. These missions entitle him to be enrolled with those called the Peace Makers in the Beatitudes.

A useful and lovable man—he gave his country and humanity the best he had, and it is not to be wondered that one identified with these beneficent and ennobling things imperfectly sketched, should have been the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The Law and the Temple.

THE LAW AND THE TEMPLE.

(Suggested by the new Court House, said to be the most beautiful and convenient building of its kind in our country. Dedicated January 8th, 1900.)

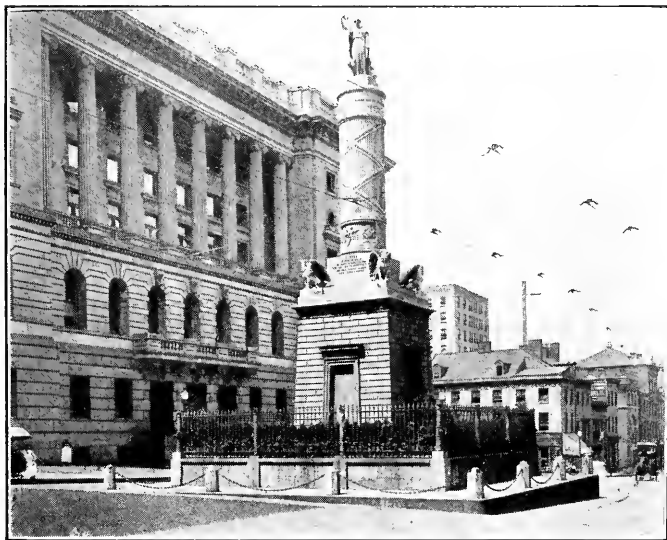
At dawn of time an Almighty hand launched
In ocean of unfathomed blue, the globe;
Ribbed and keeled with everlasting granite;
Amid a countless host of jeweled worlds,
Freighted to brim with human destiny,
Girdled by His care, and ruled by His law!

THE LAW :—

In Nature's teeming realm triumphant rules;
The Elements—her winged messengers,—
The strong command, and o'er the gentle reign;
Bid the oceans chant on wings of the storm;
The zephyrs at eve lull the world to rest,
The seasons belt the globe with fragrant bloom,
And it with harvests crown for toiling men!

THE LAW :—

From the loftiest summits of time and place,
From pristine fountains in growing streams,
To us descends. For them, the nations build
Reservoirs in every enlightened age;
Centuries quench their thirst; girding their loins,
March through rejoicing lands, 'neath Freedom's
sun!



COURT HOUSE AND BATTLE MONUMENT, BALTIMORE, MD.

THE LAW :—

'Tis the balance wheel in the mechanism
Of the universe which guards the hidden springs
Of motive power and keeps them in their spheres.
'Tis the pendulum in the clock of Time,
To mark the rise and the fall of nations;
'Tis flaming sword on execution bent;
A mighty shield projected for defense!

* * * * *

The moon and the stars, night's sleepless sentinels,
Their glittering armament in sable fold;
The refulgent sun its radiance veils;
The pillar of cloud and the cloud of fire
Their courses stay, and span the low'ring sky;
Millions in eager expectation wait,
Sinai's bald, frowning cliffs their shadows cast
'Cross the pathway of a wand'ring nation :—
The first-born in a day; seeking the land
Of promise. Aflame with the lightning's wrath,
Resonant with the thunder's voice, they speak
To the centuries. Divinity speaks
To the worn—the yearning heart of man.
Hoary and scarred—yet more than majestic,
Looming far above the graves of empires,
And the awful ruin that Time hath wrought,
Stand the basal columns of the law which
On Sinai's rugged, flaming brow were reared!

A decade of centuries and a half—
An eventful day in Eternity's sweep—
Midst Galilean hills; on the green slope
Of the Mount of Beatitudes—from lips
Of Eternal Love, came the Royal Law,
And the hard, stern heart of Justice was touched;

More! 'twas tempered in its austerity.
 Arm in arm with Mercy, she walks th' ages;
 They bid the struggling race take heart again,
 And blazon a new way, thorn-strewn, yet sweet,
 For humanity's toil-worn, weary feet;
 They scale the walls and the steeps on and up
 To serener heights—to the tablelands—
 Where Justice holds her court, gives her sentence;
 And the rich blessings of the Law bestow
 The same on men of all degrees, the like
 To the expectant world before unknown
 * * * * * *

THE TEMPLE.

Not in wilds or solitude doth Justice
 Her temple build, but in the haunts of men;
 In the din and smoke of the great city—
 In light and cloud, her portals open stand—
 Aye! in its very heart she holds her terms.

Here, the mountains have for foundation brought
 The rugged granite from the quarry's breast;
 It—the burden-bearer—on giant shoulders
 Lifts aloft treasured wealth of toil and skill,
 In this paragon of ennobled thought.

Here the sleeping marble wakes
 To glow in grandeur of this stately pile;
 'Tis robed in many a beauteous form—
 The concentered genius of ages gone;
 Of the present hour, speak with thrilling power
 In corridor and labyrinth of aisles,
 In lavishment of art in ceiling wrought,
 In tessellated pavement,—on which to tread,
 In tapestry in stone on which to gaze.

Here, niche and panel await lists from Fame.
See, the emblazoned wall and vaulted arch;
Graceful architrave, and massive column;
Galleries, balconies, seeking the sun;
Up broad sweeps of stairs the stories climb
To spacious halls, by crests and arms adorned.
Aspiration here hath nobly striven
To build a temple fair—a ward of Heaven.
Mute? 'tis eloquent; 'tis a hymn of praise—
And consecrated unto righteousness,
For progressive centuries, and for us!

In yonder portico doth Justice greet
The morning sun, and look upon the shaft
Our patriot fathers reared, to commemorate
The splendid victory o'er invaders won.

The chisel and pencil are busy now
Founding portraitures, beautiful and rare,
For the seers of ancient and modern days;
For founders and sages, for patriots,
For advocates, jurists and magistrates.
History will find glowing lodgment here,
For worthy achievements of peace and war;
For those of generous action, who dare
Humanity, at sacrifice, to serve—
'Twill be a very treasure store for Fame!

No judge e'er sat at city's gate so fair
And sentence gave; nor court on banks of Nile,
Or the Ganges, the Tiber, or the Thames,
In such apt comfort held its royal sway;
Ne'er famed tribunal on the Hill of Mars—
More potent than navies on th' Aegian sea—

Nor the basilicas of ancient Rome,
Where lictors armed imperial fasces bore,
To symbolize and emphasize the law.
Here, the tread of the soldier is ne'er heard;
Unseen the glare of arms. No slave is here;
The debtor freed can woo by honest toil
Wealth or competence by misfortune lost;
Justice wrap her mantle of protection,
Pure as the ermine, yet glist'ning with mail,
About the helpless and the innocent,
And stay the hard, rough hand of greed and power;
In Oblivion's sea, sink, dark, angry strife;
Bid righteousness exalt a people's life!
The young, the aged, the humble and the proud,
Will bring alike their cares and troubles here;
In the wide range of human thought and life
This Temple will the trusted witness be!

Priceless the treasure of the days long gone,
Brought from the olden halls replaced by this;
No brighter page of juster men in all
Our chronicles than those the old have seen;
Undimmed will their ennobling records shine.
Here, fond tradition and the graven name,
The living canvas, the art immortal,
Alive will keep their fame; send their triumphs
Down apace. From their illustrious ranks
May each to heart a worthy ideal take;
Live it, bravely, through the strenuous years;
Then, within these walls, will, historic, stand
A knightly race and valiant contests wage;
From maze of doubt evolve the triumph
Of the right!

Justice exalted! all homage to thee!
Wisdom of the ages; Hope of the free!
The glint on thy shield; the blaze on thy sword,
Be as the edicts which come from the Lord!

REVERDY JOHNSON.

Mr. Johnson, while nearly an octogenarian, retained to the last his remarkable vigor of intellect. His power of analysis and his reasoning faculties, supported by robustness of expression, commanded attention and carried conviction. In forensic or judicial conflict he was never the courtly knight charging with lance in graceful pose, but a veritable Richard Cœur de Leon fighting to the centre and to the finish—the lightning of passion flashing from his descending battle-axe; a warrior, fully equipped, the admiration of his friends, the terror of his adversaries; and yet, withal, his bearing was that of conscious dignity blended with the plainness and frankness of an old-fashioned Maryland farmer.

If I were asked to name the foundation of his fame as the Nestor of the American Bar, I would declare it to be his untiring, persistent preparation for the trial of causes committed to his professional care.

Over and over again, he required me to read the authorities, while he would bid me, from time to time, to pause, listen to his running criticism of assent or dissent. He studied the case in hand thoroughly, and when the contest came he was prepared.

Mr. Johnson possessed rare talent—tact—in the cross-examination of a witness. It was worth a term at a

Law School to see the skill with which in an important case he would conduct this difficult task—the caution with which he would enter upon it and the adroitness with which he would proceed. If the witness was unfriendly, and had in chief given even some little testimony favorable to Mr. Johnson's side, he would require the witness to rehearse such testimony, assenting to it as the witness proceeded, and if there were any other things favorable he would make them known and impress them upon the court and jury. He was fair to the witness whom he believed was truthful, but unrelenting in the interest of his client in the cross-examination of one whom he thought had not told the whole truth, and arraigned the latter by a sifting analysis of his testimony before the jury.

Mr. Johnson's favorite position in addressing a jury was immediately in front; often with the left hand in his trousers' pocket. When he became aroused in argument he would withdraw it, and then uplifting his right arm would use it vigorously with partially open hand to emphasize his argument. I always felt when he had argued his case, not that he had exhausted his resources, but had taken a few dippersful from an inexhaustible well. No young man, if he was attentive in the consultations, could be associated with Mr. Johnson in the preparation of a cause for trial without becoming ready for it. My esteemed friend, the late St. George W. Teackle, used to tell a case in point, where when the trial took place the junior counsel had used all of Mr. Johnson's thunder, and when his turn came he addressed and entertained the jury for an hour and a half on the subject of the Chinese war. It is proper to add that the case was won along the line designated by the senior counsel. The above incident doubtless

occurred in the olden days, when, under the rules, counsel were not allowed to make a "speech" more than six hours long. * * * .—E. H. in *Steiner's Life of Reverdy Johnson*.

It was with a sad heart—Friday, February 11, 1876, the morning after his sudden, accidental death—the writer, junior counsel in the case with him, paid tribute to his memory in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

Appropriate and touching were the eulogies of Hon. S. Teackle Wallis, Hon. Alexander Randall and Chief Justice Bartol, his associates through years, on that occasion.

The Great Fire.

THE GREAT FIRE.

*(Baltimore, Sunday and Monday, February 7th and 8th,
1904. \$125,000,000 loss. No loss of life.)*

'Twas hush of hallowed morn, the world stayed its
wheels of care;
The bells had matins rung; there was stillness every-
where;
Day of rest for city—a city supremely blest;
For the strenuous morrows will her endurance test.
A splint of smouldering flame by a passer-by was
thrown,
Crushed by a careless footstep; then by a zephyr blown
Into a lofty structure, high-heaped with merchandize,
From many hands and looms, and from many friendly
skies;
Now wide awake and in a very congenial place—
In a trice—into a giant grew—strong to run a race.

Stronger than old Briareus of a hundred hands,
See, he lifts aloft a hundred burning, blazing brands;
He climbed the steeps of night; now brighter than the
sun,
Far his wrathful trumpet blew to show his race begun;
The din was like the breakers stalking on ocean shore,
Anon, the crash of thunder, so mighty was the roar.



GREAT FIRE—BALTIMORE, MD.

Sentries tall and darkened stand pictured against the sky
Guarding their falling comrades that in the ashes lie.



A moment—ages seemed—perchance lives and millions
lost;
On to a raging conflict, ne'er reckon time or cost;
On with the speed of fire and steam, to fire cry of
gongs;
On through the echoing streets hurried excited throngs.

Volley of cannon again! the red flashing of blade,
Aliens with flaming torch, despoiling the heart of
trade;
They burst the fetters of safety—strike with brazen
hands;
Marshal the harpies of flame into predatory bands.
On wings of blighted day, on pinions of sleepless night,
They sear the streets around with besom of fire and
might;
They climb the cerulean heights to hurl their deadly
brands,
Akin to the Simoon's breath o'er dread Sahara's sands;
Even to the zenith climb, as if to reach the sun,
To pour Vesuvian ashes o'er city worn—undone.

Bravely the home folk rally to the unequal fight;
'Twas a bold, long-drawn battle to save the city's life.
Grief, aroused and self-forgetful, dares to strike a blow:
The anguish of her heart, only God and th' angels
know.

In vain! the strong, the beautiful—rich with honest
fame—

Became a glowing pyre, consumed by destroying flame;
Perchance, a lowly structure, nestling close to the
ground,

Like a dove in the tangled grass has a refuge found.
Strong for defense is Wealth, controlled by a master's
hand;

O'ermatched by th' Elements—unchained—shifting as
the sand.

In an hour like this a faded leaf—a withered flower;
Sunbeams in a Winter day, or dusk at evening hour;
Bravest hearts are storm-swept, watchful eyes are wet
with tears,

While fruitage of master minds, the heritage of years,
The grandeur of achievement, and princely enterprise,
Crumble into ashes while the Fire Fiends paint the
skies.

It is now the brave arise—to loftier summits rise;
In babel of confusion the brave ne'er agonize—
But cheer the world with valor like sunshine tempest
skies.

Toilers, with heavy burdens, cheer, through the lurid
street;

Mothers and children cheer, who tearful vigils keep;
Thousands worn and weary, cheer, who ne'er find rest
or sleep.

The brave in aggressive fight are valiant in retreat;
Valiant when the faint lose heart, heroic when they
weep;

For the heroic, Fame doth her fairest garlands keep.

A tempest sweeps the troubled earth, lightning-trem-
bling sky:—

In the crucial hour, thank God, there was brave suc-
cor nigh.

City in Fire Fiends' grasp! the heart of the nation's
stirred;

The throbs of thy bleeding heart by every heart was
heard;

Wondrous the mystic chords which knit the sweet rela-
tion;

They hear the battle cry: "Come, stay the conflagration!"

'Twas heard afar—'bove the sobs of the moaning sea;
O City in Sorrow's depths, the whole world weeps with thee!

Surely, there's a Power mysterious to guide trustful feet:—

The Pillar of Cloud and Fire did ancient Israel keep.
A Power unseen is coming in the awakened breeze,
Kin to that of th' olden times, midst the mulberry trees.

In the frail and gentle oft slumber, to our surprise,
Comrades for home defenders, born of benignant skies;
With the blare of trumpets they came in heroic guise—
Zephyrs transformed to warriors, for lofty enterprise;
Hosts of the celestials in flying battalions come,
To stay the onslaught of th' aliens, safeguard imperiled home;

Back, with pinions broken, were the alien armies thrown—

Concentered Wealth must bear the brunt of battle alone.

See! Manhattan to the rescue with an empire's crest;
The Keystone, with her clansmen—none nobler—and her best;

Brandywine historic, dear Potomac's classic wave;
And "Maryland, My Maryland," hastes with love to save;

Her mountains yoemen send, with battle-axe and quiver,
Her valleys their crystal streams to swell the saving river.

Twice the sun vailed his face, and twice the sad stars went down—

E'er sunshine floods the day, and the stars the mid-
night's crown,
Oh, nobly the defenders fought, bravely, everyone:
Routed cohorts of aliens; 'twas victory grandly won.
He who guides the eagle's flight and notes the sparrow's
fall
Heard the strong, brave plea for life—a city's urgent
call.
'Tis marvelous and yet true; God's mercy is wondrous
great:—
Ne'er was lost a human life within the city's gate!

Sentries tall and blackened stand pictured against the
sky,
Guarding their fallen comrades who in the ashes lie.
O City, look to the blue, look to the beckoning skies!
Listen to their gracious words and dry thy streaming
eyes.
By tribulations are life's most precious lessons taught;
By fires seven times heated beautiful things are
wrought;
From wedlock of fire and steel is born the Damask
blade;
By forge and anvil, manly toil, all things lost, were
made;
There's no song for the brook flowing listless to the
sea,
But when against the boulders tossed it sings perpet-
ually;
When tempests fold their sable wings, golden sunbeams
shine,
And the flowers of Spring-tide bloom on Winter's naked
vine;
Dim the precious stone till by a master's chisel torn,

Then it glows on beauty's breast, adorns a monarch's
throne;
Without the shades of night we would never see the
stars;
Without Time's battles we ne'er would wear the glory
scars.

O City with ashes strewn, here's blessing in disguise:
On thine own strong arm depend—to splendid visions
rise

Out of the struggling past, comes Triumph's exhorta-
tion:—

“From the depths of chaos, the world at the creation;
From the Omnipotent—a gift to the hand of man,
To be cherished and fashioned by His ennobling plan.
Faith, Hope and Love are lanterns three on life's treach-
erous sea:—

They illume for man—the way for time—Eternity!”

Chain the elemental fire; a spark, a brand, a blaze,
Loosed from its wonted fetters, will in unbridled rage
Cities raze; e'en man's records from the historic page.
Mastered: a faithful servant, worthy of love and praise;
Upbuilding things on which he will often fondly gaze,
And transmit, affection-crowned, to more auspicious
age.

There may be silver in the moon, gold mine in the sun;
There's a real El Dorado in duty bravely done.

O City, rise! shake from thy robes the dead ashes down,
The tempest fires are dead, you may wear the victor's
crown.

There'll be a scarlet thread running through the warp
of years,

'Twill be the more beautiful because empearled with
tears;

Thy seven-score smould'ring acres will teem with life
again,

In more than wonted greatness, by toil of manly men;
The river shores, the silver bay, the majestic sea,
Greetings send to distant hills, the beautiful, the free;
With willing hand and loyal heart rise with glad ac-
cord;

Rebuild a nobler city here, blessed of man and God!
And you, her valiant sons, see through the strenuous
years

Her robes be immaculate and her eyes free from tears;
Her arms, sweet, exalted, strong as the majestic sea;
Her homes glad with virtue, and her children ever
free!

Come, lift her banner, stainless, emblazoned, to the sky,
Radiant with a splendor that can never fade or die!

Though Memory's brow is furrowed by tragedy of fire,
Her heart will chant the joy songs of an angelic choir;
From her chest of cedar she will lovingly unfold
The fabrics wrought by the brave, more precious far
than gold;

And through the golden ages, on anniversary day,
She'll her cherished treasures bring, with gladsome lips
essay

These trying scenes to trace; rehearse th' eventful story
Of those who bravely fought and crowned themselves
with glory!

The deeds of the brave are beacons on the shores of
Time

They illumine Life's trackless sea for every race and
clime!

THE CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH.

(After the Great Fire—Lines placed in the corner stone.)

Oh, shrine, dear and hallowed by memories of th' olden
time;

Shrine of God's boundless, tender love, fathomless, sub-
lime:—

Tonight, on swift and radiant wings, comes a shining
choir;

Comes thy requiem to chant with tongues of golden fire.

Should only wealth be lost, the product of toil and
gain;

Safe, from ruin wrought, should stand unscathed the
sacred fane;

Then man would rebuild for self, forgetful of the skies;

But when for God he builds, for eternity are the ties.

It is meet the hallowed should with the sorrowing weep,
That the voice of the people should plead at Mercy's
seat;

Oh, high 'bove walls and turrets where crimson ban-
ners fly,

Will shine in gold and beauty the Cross in tranquil
sky!

JUBILEE HYMN.

From our homes, our temples,

From all hearts arise

The praise-songs of gladness

To sweeten the skies.

For mercies and blessings

To us freely given,

For mercies and blessings,

The best gifts of Heaven.

Where the besom of flame
In anger once swept,
Where the ashes were strewn,
Where our city wept;
With grandeur and beauty
She buildeth on high,
With banner triumphant
Emblazons the sky.

'Mid the tempest of life,
No, never complain;
From gloom and disaster
Oft comes wealth of gain.
With stout heart march upward
Through ashes or flame;
On the summits of toil
Are riches and fame.

O city exultant,
Thy fame is abroad!
For the miracles wrought
Give praise unto God;
The lowlands, the highlands,
The isles of the sea,
The sun, moon and the stars
Chant a Jubilee!

O City celestial,
Sweet bride of the skies,
Thy fair sun never sets,
Thy splendor ne'er dies;
May beams of thy glory,
On the wings of light,
Illume our dear city
And guide it aright!

Descriptive.

THE BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

(Suggested by the flowers growing in the old bed of Jones' Falls near Union Station.)

There's a black-eyed beauty with golden hair,
She lives in the fields and breathes the pure air;
Rambles the great hills, oft sits at their feet;
Loves the sunshine and the shadows to greet;
The sweets of meadows, the cool, cozy nook
Of ferns and willows by the singing brook.

'Neath arm of the oak, by cedar and pine,
With smiling arbutus, the wild grape vine;
'Neath blushing alders, and Oriole's nest,
The Black-Eyed Susan lifts banner and crest;
So brave and so pure she's loved everywhere,
In story and beauty, who can compare?

She tells of the founder, the days of old,
His crest and standard of sable and gold.
The symbol of life, is Maryland's flower,
With the precious gold for the darkest hour;
About mystic splendor of darkest night
She sheds the golden beams of morning light.

Oh, Susan's beautiful as winsome bird,
To laud her beauty bring pencil and word;
It will thrill the chords of Maryland's heart,
And her fame and glory will ne'er depart!
Dear Queen of our realm! from mountains to sea
In homage and love all kneel unto thee!

THE CHESAPEAKE.

Beautiful vision, pure and sweet,
Child of the sea, fair Chesapeake!
Thy tapering fingers touch the hills,
Requited love thy bosom thrills;
Thy jeweled hands grasp fragrant lands,
And clasp them close with silver bands,
Thine arms uplift the graceful ships
To press them to thy crystal lips;
Thy sandaled feet perfume the land,
Embroidered by the golden sand;
Thy brow is crowned by morn with light,
With coronet of stars by night;
Thy voice is song in whispering breeze,
'Tis thunder tone to stormy seas;
Greets glist'ning sails when homeward bound
And wafts them off the world around,
To cleave the waves with snowy wings,
All ladened deep with precious things;
Thy breast doth sweetest nurture give
To those who come to thee to live,
For treasures boundless thee are given,
Child of the sea and ward of heaven!

Of feathered braves with birch canoe,
Who e'er thy silver waters flew,
A pristine and a daring race,
There's scarcely a living trace,
Save in thy name, mountain or stream;
On story's page a lingering gleam
Of mottled gray in glory's beam,
In clouds of war, in peaceful dream.

Erst gazing on thy sunlit face,
With clasp of hands and bashful grace,
Was plighted love for life oft given,
As constant as the bending heaven.
(Thou hearest still, so we are told,
Pledge of hearts as in days of old.)

The breakers come to thee from sea,
And sing along thy shores with glee;
They lift aloft their briny hands
In laughing hosts and shouting bands,
When dying day his garment furls
Their snowy crests with harps of pearls,
Sing the songs of the ancient sea,
And bid me look, O Lord, to Thee!

The restful land with blossoms sweet
Reflects its shadows o'er the deep.
Labor, free from its plodding care,
Breathes in the pure, refreshing air,
While music sweeps the throbbing chord
And sends her mystic strains abroad.

'Neath shadows of the fragrant pine
Look to the blue where splendors shine;
There happy ships, rejoicing, free,
My ravished eyes at sunset see;
Their crimson prows are blent with gold,
A thousand silver sails unfold,
And spread them to the evening breeze,
Like smiling ships on lower seas;
Then furl them in the sunset sky,
In glowing tints of matchless dye.

The setting sun brings splendor down;
He makes for thee a glory crown;
Thou art beautiful, pure and free!
The world doth seem to kneel to thee.

'Tis end of days, life's set of sun,
The ebbs and tides of time have run;
The glad ships have in sweet surprise
Winged their bright way beyond the skies;
The voyagers to the realms above
Cast anchor in the depths of love.
To thee a meed of praise is given,
For thou hast e'er reflected heaven;
Hast wafted incense to the skies—
Morning and evening sacrifice,
Thy crested waves have ever sung,
Thy grandest anthems e'er have rung,
Up azure depths to templed skies,
Where noontide glory never dies.
The Lord is God: He guards the deep;
His watchful eye doth never sleep;
His mighty arm will thee e'er keep—
Child of the sea, dear Chesapeake!

MONDAWMIN.

(Indian for Yellow Corn.)

The Music of the Rustling Corn.

(Suggested by the splendid field of corn at "Mondawmin," in the city, on the Reisterstown Road.)

The grand armies of peace are encamping afield,
There is no glint on the spear, no blaze on the shield;
No flashing of helmet, no gleaming of blade,
For the haft of each weapon is with pearl inlaid.

Their standards are glist'ning with the dew of the dawn,
And growing in splendor with the growing of morn;
And there's music far sweeter than the clarion horn—
'Tis the life-giving music of the rustling corn!

How stately and majestic and graceful in mien
Are the soldiers of peace in their mantles of green!
O'er brow of each soldier waves a tall tasseled plume,
An emblem of plenty is the straw-nodding bloom;
From land of the prairies and realms of the morn,
They are coming, their arms brimming with golden
corn,
And there's music far sweeter than the huntsman's
horn:
'Tis the life-giving music of the rustling corn!

They are marching abreast where the dim sky line dies,
The grand armies of peace, born of earth and the skies;
'Neath their ribbons and pennons there are no ugly
scars,
The trophies of victories, the red ensigns of wars;
Bread-bearers for the nations more fruitful than trees,
The tread of their legions is heard 'cross the wide seas,
Keeping step to the music of plenty's full horn:
'Tis the life-giving music of the rustling corn!

THE TRAIN.

Music afar, in the distant hills,
The restless song of a hundred rills;
It is coming down with surge and sweep,
With the water's roar and cascade's leap.

Highlands and lowlands catch the refrain,
Bands are rolling through meadow and plain;
By the toiling mill with blast of horns,
By farmers' homes and their well filled barns.

It matters not be it day or night,
There is voice of steam and stream of light,
The clang of bell, the engine's shriek,
The waves of the sea when trumpets speak.

'Tis swifter now than a thousand streams,
A moment only in glimpse and gleams;
A speeding giant of iron and steel
With strength of the bolt and thunder's peal.

The field and flood heap their riches high,
The wealth of nations is going by;
A symbol of life—it onward rolls
With the hopes and fears of human souls.

Wonderful in less'ning haze of dawn,
Beautiful in roseate tints of morn;
It is more than both in blaze of day—
A giant aroused and on his way.

There's nothing to me so thrilling seems
In the world of things and realms of dreams;
This racer by night with ruddy mane,
The fire-blood throbbing in every vein.

Oh, strong is the skillful hand of man!
What he really wills he surely can;
Of what he thinks in his kingly brain
Will leap in sunshine, fly in the rain.

LINES

(Suggested by the Services held in a tent, corner Kate Avenue and the Reisterstown road. Deposited in the corner stone of St. Margaret's Church, September 17th, 1907.)

Do you not hear dear Nature say:
Days are flying, they can not stay?
Oh, come, Love, come, with heart and hand,
And listen to my stern command!

The harvest field once ripe with grain
Hath stored its gold from storm and rain;
The meadows gleaned; rejoicing stand
Fragrant with hay; how sweet the land!

Robins have built their castled nest;
The little robins are safe at rest—
Sheltered beneath the oaken leaves
Of the strong arm of ancient trees.

The tent which shields with snowy wing
And in the sunshine loves to sing,
Is telling you it may fly away:
Some windy night or stormy day.

Summer's dying, do not delay;
Arise and build; begin today.
Lay broad, build high, the cross enthroned;
Cement with love, with love alone.

O Lord, to Thee, we here would raise
A temple fair, meet for Thy praise;
Within its walls bid anthems rise,
Morning and evening sacrifice!

Welcome for all; with open arm
The children greet and keep from harm;
Like Him who in the days of old
Did them to His great heart enfold.

Along the aisles may love have sway
On many a happy marriage day;
The Word of Life to all be given
To lead us up—from earth to heaven.

Here struggling souls find blissful rest—
A refuge on the Saviour's breast;
And Sorrow lay her burdens down
To wear above a victor's crown.

O templed walls; a beacon shine!
And every ray, dear Lord, be Thine,
So weary toilers o'er life's sea
May steer aright and look to Thee!

Arise and build; begin today!
The Master's work brooks no delay;
Rise temple fair! in beauty stand,
A gateway to the better land!

THE RAMBLER.

There is a little cottage
At crossing of the roads,
Nestling amid the maples,
Crowned by a rambling rose.

The Rambler is so graceful
It loves to climb a wall,
And from the gable cornice
In fragrant clusters fall.

It loves to bloom in sunshine,
Like rubies blushing red;
And radiance lends to darkness
When sunshine hides his head.

Its blossoms like banners wave
O'er palace of a king,
When he to the festive breeze
His royal ensigns fling.

Oh, no, there are no blossoms
Like those of crimson rose,
When it to earth and skyland
Its wondrous charms disclose.

I wonder whence the Rambler
In crimson glory came?
Where borrowed all its splendor
For glowing oriflamme?

I am sure in the beginning
The king did speak the word,
And a sea incarnadine
His loving message heard.

Long o'er the little cottage
Wave banner of the king,
About thy ruddy blossoms
My heart's blood loves to cling.

ARBOR DAY—IN COUNTRY AND TOWN.

Great cities stand where proud forests once stood;
There's noise of the mart for hush of the wood;
The music of wheels for the song of birds;
The honk of autos for lowing of herds;
Where the eagle soared in the azure dim—
The wireless speaks and the big airships swim.

The children swung on the low-swinging vine,
And gathered brown cones 'neath the stately pine;
Bushels of nuts from the great chestnut trees,
And lessons of thrift from the honey bees;
They fished for minnows at the foot of the hill,
And bathed in the race near the village mill.

The onmarch of Progress—its apparent need.
The strife for fortune, or the grasp of greed;
Perchance, want of thought for the years to come
Hid from the vision the ideal home;
The day hath dawned; it will full-orbed grow
When the town and country each other shall know.

Away with the alleys; build streets wide and sweet;
Give zest to the toilers; give restful sleep;
In homes of the lowly pour sunshine in—
The sunshine and flowers make the whole world kin;
Beauty will bloom in a spadeful of earth,
Lend perfume and charm to the place of its birth.

Come, brave hearts—come with a tree, shrub or flower,
And make our dear land an Edenic bower;
Plant gardens of bloom on roof and on wall;
Bid June bring roses at Love's beck and call,
And strew the path of the bridegroom and bride
To songs by the sea or the mountainside.

With beauty of Nature blend grace of Art—
The skill of the hand and glow of the heart;
The homestead with porch, with fragrance of flowers,
With the balm of health give the restful hours;
The American home, rejoicing, see,
In beauty and strength—the home of the free.

The task of the ages will not be done
Till "Home" is the watchword of everyone.
To splendid level man will surely rise;
Visions celestial for enraptured eyes;
Uplifting, expanding, while seasons roll,
Noblest impulses of the human soul.

The leaves of the trees for healing were given;
The burning-bush, the majesty of Heaven;
When rural and urban shall blend in one,
There's glimpse of land of no night—no sun—
A wondrous story of glory and power,
With strength of oak and sweetness of flower.

LOST AND FOUND.

*(Suggested by the loss of two little children in the country
and their return and reception in Baltimore.)*

Why loud huzzas by men and boys?
Why ring the streets with cheers and noise?
Say, what does all the tumult mean,
With tears and shouting in between?

Not tramp of band, with music's strain,
Nor echoes with their sweet refrain,
Nor standard of the stripes and stars,
Nor veterans with their veteran scars.

Strong, sturdy men from bench and mill,
Women whose hands are rarely still,
Lift up the voice time and again,
While tears course down in showers of rain.

Surely they bear a victor home,
To seat him on a princely throne?
They haste to dry a mother's tears,
To dissipate a mother's fears.

Two little girls with joyful face,
Brimming full with girlish grace,
Walk in the great, rejoicing throng—
Their lips bespeak a heart of song.

Lost within a woodland wild,
They wander far, each little child;
The elder's voice the younger cheers,
She smiles on her 'mid falling tears.

She takes from her own shivering form
Her dress to keep her sister warm,
On through the storm and starless night,
Till angels bring the morning light.

The lost are found and home again—
The mother-heart can not contain,
Its well of joy doth overflow—
Who can a mother's love e'er know?

Longing arms clasp to loving breast,
The tired and worn sink down to rest,
Like little birds in mother's nest;
Safely at home, God-kept and blest!

The world's better for all of this,
It speaks the land of song and bliss;
'Tis highest joy by angels craved
To welcome home a lost one saved.

There's a stream that would e'er run
Through every heart beneath the sun:—
'Tis love for all; it's joy and power—
Why stay its gentle course an hour?

LINES

(Suggested for the Clock on Baltimore street near Light street, the frame of which stood during the Great Fire. A new clock has been placed in it.)

(On One Side)

A. D. 1904.

'Midst sea of fire,
Tempest of flame,
A brave clock stood
In this Iron Frame!

(On Obverse Side)

A. D. 1914.

With watchful face
And helpful hands,
I count for you
Life's golden sands!

AN OCEAN SHELL.

*(Suggested by the gift of a sea shell from my little friend,
W. B.)*

Eternal songs their vigils keep .
O'er bosom of the mighty deep;
On crest of waves they rise and swell,
On roseate lips of ocean shell.

Softer than chimes of vesper bell
Is music of the ocean shell;
Singing, it makes the darkness light,
For it ne'er sleeps by day or night.

In calm or storm, on land or sea,
There's music in the shell for me.
O beauteous shell, come, to me tell
What thoughts within thy bosom dwell?

I place thee to my list'ning ear,
I hear that God is ever near;
I place thee to my yearning heart,
I know His love will ne'er depart.

List! every wave and ocean shell,
And all that in the ocean dwell,
Lift ceaseless anthems, Lord, to Thee,
Ruler of earth and sky and sea!

THE DANDELION.

The Sunbeams bring their golden stars
And strew them here and there;
They are shining in the tangled green
And seek our love and care.
Ofttimes they come in golden flood
To make a golden way,
While other stars are dim or hid,
They shine as bright as day;
They lift their heads, in beauty stand,
To hail the days of Spring—
I'm sure they have a dear, sweet voice;
I'm sure that they can sing.
Our ears are deaf, our hearts are chilled,
By din of things around;
Come, listen near, and you will hear
A sweet delightful sound:—
“Out of the bosom of the earth,
We children of the Sun
Have come to bless the world with gold
Until our days are done.”
“You seek for gold in mountain stream,
You sail the Silver Sea;
You'll find it here—for every one—
Beautiful, pure and free.”
It will ne'er shame nor sorrow bring;
'Tis neither hard nor cold;
It fills the breast with God's sunshine,
More precious far than gold.
'Twill nestle in the willing heart,
And light the homeward way—
Oh, there can be no gloom or night
When sunshine comes to stay!”

TWIN OAKS—REISTERSTOWN ROAD.

Beside an old-time roadstead two majestic monarchs
stand,
Of a royal lineage—pre-emptors of the land.
Centuries robe them with beauty and give strength and
form,
While they brave the thunderbolt and sing amid the
storm.

How loyal were their subjects, the red men of the wood!
Valiant as were the archers of brave old Robin Hood.
Oft 'neath their sylvan banners they raised the battle
cry,
And wrought with bow and arrow—they fought to win
or die.

The dusky hosts of warriors have long since disap-
peared—
Another and a mightier race have towns and cities
reared;
They to approach the monarchs have built a way of
stone,
And come to praise and worship before the emerald
throne.

They have retained their beauty, for in their hearts
there's song;
They love to help the travelers and weary teams along;
To tell of the olden days and spread their fame around,
When all the land wore garlands and all the hills were
crowned.

There is a little cottage—its inmates love to come
Nestle 'neath the royal arms and call the cottage home;
And you, our merry sovereigns, bid all your choirs to
sing,
And the country round about their tempting treasures
bring.

Oh, great and gracious monarchs, forever may you
reign
O'er autumn the golden, o'er April's showers of rain;
On through the jeweled summer; when winter's trum-
pets blow—
How true and strong you are, and pure as the stainless
snow!

Again in youthful fancy we play beneath the shade,
With sunbeams and the shadows, a happy lad and
maid;
And we pray the angels dear, with their celestial arm,
To shield our gracious sovereigns and keep them from
all harm!

THE GREEN AND THE BLUE.

*(Suggested by the plot of grass by the Post Office in Balti-
more, Md.)*

A bit of green in velvet spread,
Looks to the blue where angels tread.

A glimpse of blue wafts the sunshine down,
To cheer the heart of the dear old town.

A bit of green and glimpse of the blue
Make the heart sing a long day through.

About, above, there's a busy scene;
Regardless of the blue and the green.

The blue and green are calm and still,
As Silence on a country hill;

Yet, speak they to the passer-by
Of meadows green and cloudless sky.

Only a glimpse! Do you wish more?
The blue is the path to Heaven's door!

A bit of green! The fragrant sod,
'Tis fragrant with the love of God!

Lift, toiling town, rejoicing hand,
For Heaven and Earth rejoicing stand.

The beautiful will more beautiful be
In the glory light of Eternity!

The Post Office calls to mind a fact which has been overlooked—and perchance it may not be wise to tell it in Gath or publish it in the streets of Askalon: that Mary K. Goddard, *a feme sole*, was Post Mistress of Baltimore from 1774 to 1788, about fifteen years. The fair sex have had, from the beginning, a penchant for looking after the (males) mails. In a footnote to the Epistle to the Romans it appears that Phebe was a letter-carrier.

THE BUTTERCUP.

Away, afar, o'er fragrant plain,
In meadows sweet, in shady lane;
Where'er the singing brooklets flow,
Are cups of gold and golden snow.
Away, afar, o'er the smiling land,
See cups of gold on every hand.

You pack your grip, afar to roam
O'er land and sea from kith and home,
And blast the rocks and delve the rills,
Search the pockets of slumb'ring hills,
In sweat of heat and damp of cold,
To fill your grip with shining gold.

You seal your lips and shut your heart,
To tussle in Time's bustling mart—
Toiling and striving everywhere,
Stamping your brow with lines of care;
Worn and tired before you are old,
Chasing shadows of fleeting gold.

Come with me in the early morn—
See, flowers of gold without a thorn,
Cups of gold filled with pearls to brim,
Are lifting golden lips to Him;
Come, and your soul and voice lift up,
Like little flower with golden cup!

STRAWBERRIES.

For me in the springtime
There very early grows
A dear little blossom,
Amid the melting snows;
In carpet of velvet,
In green that robes the earth,
Shines this gem of beauty,
Sweet in its humble birth.

Scan the budding landscape
For berries of the Spring;
Watch, while they are ripening,
And hear the birdlets sing;
Come, hail with fond delight
The berry by its name—
Beauty for its garment;
A ruby in its flame!

Caressed by the fairies
All through the silent night;
It e'er grows in sweetness
As length'ning days grow bright;
Sure, the feasts of the gods
Were ne'er an idle dream,
But banquets of berries
In sweet and ruddy stream!

I love the little berry,
Clinging, lowly, to the earth,
Near song of the woodland,
Near the cricket's chirp;
I love the fragrant ground,
I love her throbbing breast;
There strength and joy are found—
Strawberries at their best!

THUNDER SHOWER.

On wings of wind the driving rain
Is sweeping down the dusty lane;
Driving against my window pane
On wings of wind, the driving rain.

It leaps from lane to thirsty plain,
On wings of wind, the driving rain;
No lumb'ring wheel doth it detain—
This racer with a loosened rein.

Down valley deep, o'er growing grain,
It leaps, it bounds to dashing main,
On wings of wind, the driving rain;
Wiping away the summer's stain.

There's music 'bove the village vane,
Columbiads burst the clouds in twain;
The wind grows calm, the storm doth wane;
'Tis gentle now, 'tis fragrant rain.

The farmer's toil is not in vain,
So gently falls the misty rain;
There's sunshine o'er the land again—
New life and joy for brawn and brain!

THE SNOW BIRD.

See! the little fellow
In the drifting snow;
"At home" in the cedars—
Let the wild wind blow.

Cheerful as a sunbeam,
Bright as Summer's glow,
Chirps the merry fellow
In the drifted snow.

How the crystal sparkles
On his dusky wing!
Beautiful ermine robe
Suited for a king!

Woven of the snowflakes,
By storm clouds for loom—
'Tis white as the lily,
Pure as its perfume.

How valiant and trustful
In the snow and storm!
Why! he is a hero,
For his heart is warm!

Safe as in castle walls,
Or in granite glen;
Glad in his simple life,
Brave as manly men.

The wise and the lowly
Nestle near the ground;
For them a gracious Arm
'Compasseth around.

It's not in the sunshine
Valiant joys have birth,
But from a storm-swept sky,
Wafted to the earth.

A DRUID.

A flame of gold is the old oak tree;
"Burning Bush" in the oak I see!

There is gold, old gold! The old oak tree
Is strewing its golden flakes o'er me.

A giant stripped is the old oak tree,
Wrestling with storms of winter for me.

The spring-tide robes the old oak tree—
Lo! sylvan banners are waving for me.

Song in the heart of the old oak tree;
Sweetest of songs from its heart for me.

The city owns the old oak tree;
Dear to her heart—dearer to me.

It looks to the skies—the old oak tree
Points to the blue and beckons to me.

The life of each, like the old oak tree,
Is touching others and touching me.

Centuries have crowned the old oak tree
With wealth of seasons, in love, for me.

Oh, ne'er can I forget the old oak tree!
Of its kingly splendor it gives to me.

A priest—a Druid—is the old oak tree,
Uplifting its arms to heaven for me!

EARTH'S MORNING SONG.

O Earth, ride on—abode for demigods or men—
Thy stupendous enginery sweeps the arching sky,
As through the ages gone, beneath God's watchful eye,
In silent majesty, surpassing finite ken!

Supreme the Power, this wondrous mechanism controls;
The wheeled Cosmos keeps in perpetual motion—
Great, freighted worlds in depth of aerial Ocean—
And with the azure, eboned cloud or gold enrobes!

Clasping her ancient jewels to her sable robe,
Night to distant climes through the still darkness
hies
When Dawn, with kindling arrows cleaves the Orient
skies
And opes the gates of Morn to Earth's bright royal
road!

See, Earth's lofty summits capped with fire or snow;
The Sun-god drives, afar, on high his chariot throne;
The growing realms of Day his glowing splendors
own;
Then, lowly bow to Him from whom all blessings flow!

Naught is silent now; there's uplift of myriad throng;
Nature responsive stands, she lifts exultant hand;
Men, every race, degree, in Morn's pure light come
stand;
Come, every voice attuned to Earth's sweet Morning
Song!

Hark! every bough is vocal, vocal fragrant sod;
From deep, mysterious caverns, Ocean's grandest
wave;
Through resounding heavens rings adoring voice of
praise—
It is Earth's Morning Song—her tribute unto God!

It is our duty not only to fit our children for our country
and the world, but to make our country and world fit for
them.

THE DAISIES.

Upspringing from the tangled grass,
From bramble and the sod,
They skyward look with glistening eye,
Like yearning souls to God.

Not tiny blossoms, frail or weak,
Struggling for life or limb;
But beautiful, robust and strong,
They lift their lamps to Him.

They mind us of a class of men,
The brave, heroic sort,
Who come to us through ages gone—
For all we have have fought.

On bleeding shoulders up have borne
The blessings of all time;
And strewn them for their fellows far
From depths to heights sublime.

Stars of the field, for us you shine,
Our longing vision greet;
And teach us all things noble are,
And all things living sweet!

You lift us from the earth to sky,
And sat our hopes on high,
To live amid the beckoning stars
Whose splendors never die!

A CRYSTAL MORNING.

You stood beside the window pane;
The clouds were dark and pouring rain;
The day was dark, your heart was sad;
Wait—the morrow will make you glad!

Lo! crystals flashing in the breeze;
They glow afar on forest trees;
Beautiful jewels, rich and rare,
Free to you as morn's pure air!

With diamond crown, clusters of pearls,
See, every glowing height unfurls;
Standards of glist'ning ice and sun,
As warriors stand when victory's won.

Even the shrubs, the meadows sear,
Resplendent shine with love and care;
For everywhere the eye doth see
The glory of a mystery.

No sinister hand can steal away,
Nor to th' enraptured vision say:
You have no right to look upon
The glory of the ice and sun.

When darksome clouds on us descend,
And things we can not comprehend,
No faltering step, no hopeless cry—
With steady trust look to the sky.

The morrow's sun will shine again,
Jewels shall flash where there was rain,
And every struggling, valiant one
Shall cloudless greet the golden sun.

SONG OF THE BROOK.

The merry brook is a brave mountain queen,
In a flowing robe, clasped with silver sheen;
Her joyful soul a jubilate sings
Unto the Lord of Lords and King of Kings.

There is a stream of joy where'er she goes,
Pure as the breath of May, or Arctic snows;
A charm for the valleys o'er which she reigns,
For the wooded heights and the fertile plains.

The laughing streams from the neighboring farms
Find their highest joy in her virgin arms;
Waving a crystal wand from brink to brink,
She pours life and health for the world to drink.

She ne'er heeds the driftwood, the rock or stone,
For all things love her and their allegiance own;
For her cascades their liquid chorus raise
And gentle echoes lisp in tones of praise.

Ever she sings; e'en through the starless night
Of the growing splendors of a broader life;
Of homes and spires—a rich, prosperous land,
Where argosies ride and proud cities stand.

On the glad wings of song she sweeps along,
A queen with her harp in a happy throng,
To sing the anthems of the ancient sea—
The majestic songs of the brave and free.

UNCLE WATTY AND PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

A Story of War Times.

Before the war the village of Poolesville was tucked away from the busy world of trade and travel in one of the most fertile grain-growing and grazing regions of Maryland. At the mouth of the Monocacy the inflowing of its waters causes the Potomac River, like the side stroke from the hockey of a skillful player, to make a graceful detour. In the centre of this attractive country, five miles from as many ferries across into Virginia and about thirty miles north from Washington city, the village slowly grew, and the people prospered among themselves, enlivened by their weekly gatherings on Saturday afternoon for the mail, their singing or dancing schools, their literary society, an occasional

"scrub race," the appearance of a peddler, a lecturer or a wandering musician.

This was a large slave-holding community. It was a pleasing and cherished custom among the colored people during the holidays and on Sundays, after meeting, to exchange greetings on the porches of the village stores. In their best clothes, clean and bright, free from the cares and burdens of everyday life, they merrily chattered like flocks of happy birds. Among the characters of the time and place was Watty Owens, a worthy old colored man with a lame leg, along up in the sixties, of whom everybody was fond, for he was kind and obliging to everyone. Uncle Watty, for so he was familiarly called, was an active member of the church, which has a "God's acre" about it, divided between the whites and colored people. He sat at the end of the front row of seats in the gallery nearly opposite the pulpit. He sang with fervor, and I well remember that the tears would glisten on his cheeks and beneath his spectacles when the exhortations of the preacher touched his sympathetic heart. The pews for the white folks were arranged on the ground floor, for the women on one side and for the men on the other side of the aisle. Along the walls of the latter dark spots marked the places where many weary saints rested their heads during the sermons, and along the floor at regular intervals were placed home-made square wooden boxes filled with sand for the convenience of saints and sinners, for they alike used the weed.

Uncle Watty regularly appeared among the gatherings of his friends upon the store porches with a large square basket, with folding lids, filled with tempting cakes, fresh from the hands of his helpful wife.

When the war began, the village, by reason of its relative position to Washington city and the several ferries on the Potomac, naturally, and yet much to the surprise of the good people of the neighborhood, emerged from its seclusion into an important point for the defense of the national capital and became a centre for army operations. It retained this importance during the first and second years of the war.

What a mighty change the war made in the South! It was an upheaval—an earthquake. It marked an epoch. It rolled up the past into a completed scroll of history. The olden times and scenes of the days before the war will never return. With the war, into this community came thousands of brave soldiers, who became distinguished in its annals while the great conflict went on, and the mingled waves of sorrow and glory rolled over a distracted country.

The presence of soldiers singing “John Brown’s Body” really gave the colored people of the neighborhood their freedom some time before the Emancipation Proclamation was issued, and before the adoption of Maryland’s Constitution of 1864. In this abrupt change in their social condition the colored people had to rely upon their own resources.

Uncle Watty’s amateur calling by the stress of circumstances became the means of support for himself and Aunt Polly. Every day the honest, struggling, old man could be seen busy with his basket of cakes in the camps. As a soldier would look in upon them with wistful eyes he could almost hear them sing:

“We come from a home fragrant with sugar and spice;
We are horses, diamonds and hearts, both sweet and
nice—

Like old Santa used to put in stockings for you—
Let me fill up the knapsack for comrades and you!"

Uncle Watty's business soon outgrew his basket and his lame leg. Fortunately for him, at this time several condemned government horses were turned loose to die by a passing squad of troopers. He appropriated one of them. It had been the victim of rough service, and was apparently on its last legs, and followed with difficulty its delighted captor, who with rope in hand introduced it to Aunt Polly: "If he was a mare we ought to call it Pokyhontas, but when I think it has been fighting in the war and of its condition let's call it for the present Bonypart. If we make a genuine success of it we can call it Flying Cloud, after Marse Fenton Audd's racer, which beat Mermaid in the old field last fall." By the kind and careful nursing of the old man and his wife it became a useful animal. He obtained an old shackly wagon, and equipping the horse with a harness as variegated in materials as the crops he raised in his truck patch, he and the iron gray carried business into the camps along the river. It was never quiet along the Potomac when he was on the road, for snatches of songs and hymns filled in any interlude and sometimes even rose above the clatter of his original outfit, the outgrowth of necessity and poverty, ingenuity and perseverance. Uncle Watty and Aunt Polly toiled bravely on. He became the soldiers' favorite, and he prospered.

About this time I left the village, and did not return until my vacation the following summer, when, meeting him, in reply to my inquiry how he was getting along, he said: "Marse Ed, I am all broke up. Don't you know that when some new soldiers came

along on their way to Gettysburg and saw the U. S. stamped on my horse, they took it?" I told him it was the first I had heard of it. "Why, you made a good horse out of one turned away to die, and the government got him." The old man's face brightened up as he said: "What can I do?" "Go down to Washington and ask the President for another. Do you not believe he will give you one?" The colored people had implicit faith in Abraham Lincoln, and it is scarcely exaggeration when I say they believed his shadow, like that of the Apostle's, healed all on whom it happened to fall; and they had learned he was kind and generous to the needy and the deserving. "I don't know him, and I couldn't see him if I went," he said. Turning away, I lightly replied: "Well, I could give you a letter of introduction to him. Think about it." It turned out that he took me at my words, for he called upon me the next day for the letter. We talked the matter over seriously. "Have faith, Uncle Watty, and do your best." "I does believe the Lord will help. I feels it. He takes as good care of the moss on the rocks as he does of them tall pines on the Sugar Loaf Mountain, and wouldn't he care for me?"

In my letter to the President I gave Uncle Watty's story in full about the horse condemned to die; laid stress upon the fact that he had restored it, useful and valuable to the army preparatory to the battle at Gettysburg—his contribution to the war for the Union; that he had been a faithful servant, was a worthy man; and now, in his old age, without any fault of his own, was dependent on his own exertions and a precarious calling for a livelihood. I asked the President to give him another horse. I enclosed the letter in a large envelope.

In a few days Uncle Watty found his way to Washington and to the White House, with the letter in his hand, and gave it to an usher, who carried it upstairs to the President, and later on brought it back with a memorandum, and directed him to carry it to the quartermaster general's department. Uncle Watty obeyed instructions, and received and returned home with another horse and resumed a successful business along the old routes. The old man's return to the village with another horse was to his friends, young and old, the crowning event of his life, and he looked down upon them with pardonable pride as he drew in the reins before Aunt Polly at the cabin door. We will draw the veil, as the artists say, over the picture. The old man delighted to tell his experience on his memorable trip to Washington and of the kindness he received, and used to close with the exclamation: "The half of it can never be told. Bless the Lord!"

Uncle Watty sleeps in the God's acre at the old church he loved so well. The representatives of another generation crowd the gallery; the dark spots on the wall and the square boxes filled with sand, on the men's side, have disappeared. We indulge the hope that all the sinners have joined the saints in a happier world, and it is all quiet along the Potomac; but the story of Uncle Watty and his horses, and the justice and kindness of heart of the great man who, burdened with the cares of the high office he filled and adorned in the perilous times in which he was the commanding figure, paused to give a helping hand to a poor yet worthy colored man, are remembered as a happy episode of other and trying days. The *Un-tied* States are again the *U-nited* States. If Uncle Watty could speak for his

people today, he would say for them the U. S. on the iron gray has a wider significance, for they include US.

The village has never resumed its old-time quietude, for within a few miles is a great railroad, its belts of steel spanning the continent and clasping the oceans. It has been noted by the faithful chronicler of the neighborhood that at the close of a long day, when the oldest residents have been reviewing the incident of the war, and the distant echoes of an approaching or receding train fall upon them, they are always reminded of the exploits of Uncle Watty and his horses through the village and along the Potomac.

Sentiment.

THE MORNING GLORY: THE GLORY BELLS.

(Suggested by 'Morning Glories in luxuriant bloom, on a Spring morning, on posts surmounted by cross-pieces, on the lawn.)

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.
—Wordsworth.

When the pearl drops glisten, glisten,
In the roseate dawning, listen
To cadence of the glory bells!

You do not hear them—do not hear?
Come listen with a listening ear,
And you will hear the glory bells!

On the wings of the morning air
Come trooping strains of anthems rare
From ivory wells of glory bells!

Every bell has a tongue as white
As an angel in its robes of light
To sing the songs of glory bells!

All the bells are ringing, ringing;
Purple tints are singing, singing,
Beautiful songs of glory bells!

See them climbing, see them shining,
See them bringing, clinging, singing,
The mystic songs of glory bells!

The sweetest songs are voiceless ones,
The lowliest are the sweetest tones—
The silent songs of glory bells!

The voiceless bells of every clime
Are singing out their joyful chime
To music of the glory bells!

Would you rise to the highest bliss,
Ne'er life's purest blessings miss,
Sing the songs of the glory bells!

The dear hand that sets glory's chord
Is the beatific hand of God—
He sets the chimes of glory bells!

Oh, hasten, hasten, heavenward climb,
Aloft,—above the realms of time:—
There ever chime the glory bells!

MYRTLE AND SNOW.

'Long the ledge of the drifting snow
Beautiful sprays of myrtle grow;
Evergreen leaves in drifts we find—
Wreaths and wreaths in green intertwined.

The snow afield is chaste and fair—
'Tis joy and zest to morning air;
The myrtle—love—like cedar trees,
Defies the storm, sings in the breeze.

Welcome the snow in robe of white,
On silent wing, in starless night;
Welcome on dark or cloudy day,
When the Sun god turns his face away.

Welcome the green from clime of flowers,
The comrade sweet of sunshine hours;
Welcome the voice of purest love—
Blest of earth and the realm above.

The land is dreary, cold and chilled,
Its weary heart is almost stilled;
Myrtle and snow live together,
Heart and hand in wintry weather.

Go, love, go, as pure as the snow,
Girdle the globe with myrtle—go!
For love doth live 'mid drifts of snow—
Go, crown the world with myrtle—go!

THE CENTURY.

The century brings a hundred years
And lays them at our feet,
All freighted with earth's joys and cares—
The bitter and the sweet.

Once he was young and bright as morn,
His hair was shining gold;
His voice pure as the breath of dawn
When night is growing old.

He wreathed the seasons 'round the globe
With each revolving year,
And with a glorious mottled robe
Enrapted our sleepless sphere.

He probed the earth, the sky, the sea;
Delved depths and heights sublime;
He broke men's shackles, made them free,
And rode the wings of Time.

And when the burning sun beat down
On his heroic head,
He stood supreme, from foot to crown,
Above the centuries dead.

Now he is tired and worn of limb,
And dimmed his eagle eye,
We'll take Time's blazing torch from him,
And lay him down to die.

We'll wreathe about his ghostly form
The sweetest bloom e'er known;
And bury him, 'mid snow and storm,
Beneath his regal throne.

We greet the new with praise and song,
With skies by thunder riven,
While 'round the globe a joyful throng
Invokes the gifts of heaven.

The centuries are a herald band,
Robed with kingly power;
All guided by God's sovereign hand
Down to their latest hour.

Far, far, beyond yon shining sun;
Beyond yon starry zone;
When the ages have their courses run,
They'll stand before His throne.

HALCYON DAYS DRAW NIGH.

Opals blush in the blooming trees,
Sapphires in radiant sky;
Diamonds and pearls flash in the breeze—
The halcyon days draw nigh!

The minstrel bands are coming home
From palm and southern sky;
Their plumage bathe in Heaven's blue dome—
The halcyon days draw nigh!

Last night I heard the rush of wings,
Above, a gladsome cry;
The morn a grand orchestra brings—
The halcyon days draw nigh!

The swallow trills beneath the eaves,
Makes circles great and high;
And rears his castle 'mid the leaves—
The halcyon days draw nigh!

In the sweet dell, where fairies dream,
Where shade and shadows fly;
The black bass builds 'neath silver stream—
The halcyon days draw nigh!

O'er hill and dale the Muses sing,
The bright day floods the sky;
The gentle showers their tribute bring—
The halcyon days draw nigh!

Mystic power broods o'er fields and flowers,
'Tis restful time of year;
Rejoice, rejoice, ye halcyon hours—
The halcyon days are here!

Though snow may crown the weary head,
The halcyon days draw nigh;
A Gracious Hand hath ever led
To halcyon days on high!

AUTUMN DAYS.

There's a breath of frost in the morning breeze,
A blaze of fire on the great forest trees;
A fringe of brown down by the water's edge,
And berries are ripe in the hawthorn hedge.

The woods are bouquets on the mountain side;
Partridge and squirrel in the falling leaves hide;
The springs of the fairies with crystal o'erflow,
And the pines and cedars more fragrant grow.

The grapes are purple, the apples are red;
"The last rose of Summer" has gone to bed.
There are nets of gold in the clinging vine,
And brightest of bloom in the asters shine.

The great fields of corn wear dark russet crowns,
And the goldenrods don their golden gowns;
All Nature is swept by a mysterious rod—
It glows at the touch of the hand of God.

THE SIMPLE WAY.

Say* your prayers,
Do your best;
Leave the rest—
To God!

*Sing or pray.

THE MARCH TO VICTORY.

*(Inscribed to Richard A. Harris, Leader of the Choir of the
Maryland Christian Endeavor Union.)*

To music of the world's uplifting,
Night's dark and angry clouds are rifting;
There is sunlight on the mountain crag—
Beneath the folds of the starry flag
We march to victory!

O Comrades, in the world's busy years,
Throw to its winds its cold, sordid cares;
On for the right, for the helpless plead;
Forward, in thy might, the people lead—
We march to victory!

'Neath shield of faith, 'neath the blood-stained cross,
God's soldiers can never suffer loss;
On, brave and true, in glad endeavor;
Glory to God, ever and ever---
 We march to victory!

POE'S GRAVE.

Within Westminster's templed gate,
Where benedictions silent wait,
One tempest-tossed and sore perplexed
Is calmly sleeping with the blessed.

The simple turf once robed his grave—
The fragrant gift which Nature gave;
Till gentle hand brought graven name,
And reared it to his growing fame.

Now, Morn and Eve, the Dews and Showers,
The watchful Stars and the Golden Hours,
Bid City stay her bustling throngs
To listen to the Poet's songs.

E'en distant lands their tributes bring,
And other tongues his measures sing,
Till time and space acclaim his name—
Write it in gold on scroll of fame.

In the Soul of Song oft-times wells
The cadence of the rhythmic "Bells";
Winsome voices the "Raven" praise,
And pipe the notes of other lays.

The lover's heart is wont to turn
For incense to his Love to burn,
To the shrine with adoring knee,
Sacred reared to "Annabel Lee."

Now, weird and strange are seen aright,
In tragic find the Poet's might;
The stars shine through the darkest night,
And sunbursts flood the storm with light.

POE!

Artisan of majestic thought;
By thee in beauty, splendor wrought
The flawless pearl, the precious stone,
And lifted to a royal throne.

Thy mystic wand bids Winter bring
The zephyrs to rejoicing Spring;
Touched by thine art—thy wondrous power—
The desert glows with fruit and flower.

No meteor flashing, then undone;
A Flame, a Torch, a Star, a Sun!
Grand Master in Time's classic choir,
Thine is a choice, a jeweled, lyre!

Poetic fires no more can die
Than ocean's depths or boundless sky;
Thine music from the singing spheres—
Life to illumine, dispel its cares.

The fragrant bloom will robe thy grave,
Time guard the gifts thy genius gave;
And they for aye, a glorious throng,
Will sing their way on wings of song.

Our days are ladders let down from the skies
By which we may climb to nobler destinies.

Ne'er with a poisoned arrow play—
To some one's heart it will find its way!

Perchance, you neither speak nor sing—
Then into life a helpmate bring:
A nod, a smile, a clasp of hand,
To make the toil-worn, weary, stand!

WORDS.

*(Written in a Dictionary presented to a young Lady—a
Typewriter.)*

I.

A nest of words,
Of silent Birds;
At thy command
Come to thy hand.
Now, all awake,
Their plumage shake;
Touch but the wing,
They talk or sing.

II.

Commercial words!
Swift carrier birds!
They go and come,
Abroad, at home,
On every breeze,
O'er land, 'neath sea—
The voice of war,
The strength of law.

III.

Brave, noble words!
Heroic birds!
Eagles ascend,
With storm clouds blend.
Pure, fragrant words—
Sweet, gentle birds,
The dove at rest
On zephyr's breast.

IV.

Oh, wondrous birds!
Oh, heaven-borne words!
Greater than kings
Or earthly things.
Thine realm of thought,
By ages wrought,
Guard deeds of men,
Ever,—Amen!

SONGS OF THE WIRE.

*(Suggested by the many wires on Park Heights Avenue, in
the City and County.)*

Ethereal sparks from celestial fire
Are stirring the soul of the silent wire;

Inspiring songs of an Aeolian choir,
For the sweetened lips of the throbbing wire.

The changeable winds in lucid attire
Lend variant moods to the tuneful wire.

The hand of lover caressing his lyre
Is the breath of Spring to the trembling wire.

Blithe as strains of a frolicksome flyer
Are the soaring notes of the Summer wire.

In scarlet and gold kneels priest by his pyre,
Conning the tunes of the Autumnal wire.

No languid orchestra playing for hire,
But brave, lusty singers—the Winter wire.

The blasts of Boreas shouting, conspire,
Hurl tempests of bass to the surging wire.

From roadbed and path to regions higher
Leap rhythms of sound to sing with the wire.

The music of runner and restless tire
Blends songs of the snow with songs of the wire.

The jingling bells on colt, dam and sire,
Are jingling, jingling, to the dancing wire.

For business and hustle workdays require
The bright, buoyant songs of the morning wire.

When night is enthroned with songs we retire
To home, sweet home, by the old trolley wire.

Abroad through the country speed bugle and lyre;
Heralds of progress o'er the tireless wire.

Down beneath the oceans singers with fire
Waft songs of good-will on wings of the wire.

In light of repose, through blackness of ire,
Ever and on chants the grand choral wire.

Diapsons—lo! Time's torches afire
Illumine the world with songs of the wire.

The chords of life swept by lofty desire
Attune with the songs of harps of gold wire.

Would the currents of love all hearts inspire,
And clasp the globe like the encircling wire!

O Nations, hasten! Of dread carnage tire—
With honor, in peace, lift harps of gold wire.

THE SONGS OF CHILDREN.

There is song on the lips of children
Redolent with joy and mirth,
Cleaving the azure and the sunshine
It seeks the land of its birth.

There is song in the hands of children
Lightening a fond mother's care;
Pure and sweet as the benediction
Which follows the hour of prayer.

There is song in the feet of children
To cheer them along the way,
And up the gray old cliffs of learning,
To welcome the coming day.

There is song in the steps of children
Along the street and the lane,
When the bells are ringing at school time,
Like a Springtime shower of rain.

There is song in the sports of children,
Graceful and agile and free;
It comes with the trumpets of breakers
From coral depths of the sea.

There is song in the hearts of children,
A carol by right of birth—
Pure as the lily of the valley,
Fragrant of skyland and earth.

There is song in the lives of children
Sweeter than honey can be;
It is the balm of a million flowers,
Treasured from garden and lea.

There's song in the lives of the children—
Lives that were loaned—ne'er given;
They will greet us at the gates of pearl—
They sing with the stars of heaven.

There is song in the morn for children,
Chasing night's shadows away;
It bathes the summits of the mountains
With glowing splendors of day.

There is song all the day for children—
It shines in light of the sun;
It shines afield in the golden grain
Till their daily work is done.

There is song at eve for the children
When the shadows homeward creep,
And o'er the weary night's curtain draws
And rocks all the world to sleep.

Why, there's song in the night for children,
For the angels ever keep,
And strew the sweetest of dreams around
Where'er the innocent sleep.

Yes; there's song in the tears of children,
Glistening in pearl drops on cheek,
More touching than mere words ever can,
They to the mother heart speak.

The songs, the sweet songs, of the children;
Pure, gladsome, joyous and free;
Are riding the crested waves of time
Like argosies on the sea.

Without the bright songs of the children,
What would the glad world be?
'Twould be as the City of Sodom
Or brine of the Dead Sea.

Oh, cherish the songs of the children,
Like streams from a woodland hill!
Then their pure and refreshing rivers
Will our noblest being thrill.

The beautiful songs of the children
Can never, never, grow old;
They compass our wandering footsteps
And lead to the Good Shepherd's fold.

THE HOME-COMERS.

I.

The swallows are coming
In circles on high,
On pinions of silver
In the twilight sky;
So happy and joyful,
So buoyant and free;
They fly through the azure,
Like sails o'er the sea.
In flying battalions,
Down, onward, they come;
The daylight is fading;
They are coming home.

II.

The streets are all teeming
With dear girls and boys;

'Tis a tempest of mirth,
A babel of noise.
The schools may be silent
And books laid aside,
But the schools of outdoors
Are all open wide;
The rich jewels of home
In bright setting come;
The daylight is fading—
They are coming home.

III.

At the clanging of bells,
The steam whistle's scream,
Come footsteps of hundreds,
An upflowing stream;
To rhythmical numbers,
In doublequick time,
From mills in the valleys,
The great hills to climb—
The defenders of home
On joyfully come;
The daylight is fading—
They are coming home.

IV.

From every vocation,
By land and the main,
The toilers are coming
With trophies of gain.
Why joyful and grateful?
Their arms shall find rest

In the haven of love
Where Love builds her nest.
There is song in the heart,
On, singing, they come;
The daylight is fading—
They are coming home.

V.

Welcome the homecomers
To place of their birth;
Welcome the wanderers
From ends of the earth.
The home roof is garlanded
With roses and love,
With roses without thorns—
'Tis bloom from above.
They come with their children,
To the old home come;
The daylight is fading—
They are coming home.

VI.

The great world of toilers,
The bravest in life,
Are working and striving—
Fighting for the right.
And oft in the daytime
In sweet visions see
The bright realm of glory,
Where toilers would be;
Processions unbroken
Triumphantly come;
The daylight is fading—
They are coming home.

WINTER'S HARP.

(Suggested by an Old Oak at Waverly.)

It stands alone, none other nigh—
A grand old Oak in winter's sky;
The North Wind comes, a minstrel bold,
With fingers supple in the cold.

It stands alone 'mid ice and snows—
A grand old harp, with shining rows
Of silver chords and ivory keys,
Attuned to Winter's minstrelsy.

No more alone; each shining chord
Shouts with glad anthem to the Lord,
At touch of the minstrel's fingers,
And, for aye, a blessing lingers.

No more alone; sweet music thrills
The silver chords, and rapture fills
The great frame of the grand old harp,
Like breath of morn the soaring lark.

We are not alone; the great stress
Of adverse winds comes but to bless;
To sweep the chords in hearts of oak,
And sweetest, noblest strains evoke.

None are alone; in the darkest hour
There comes a strange mysterious power—
Sweet music 'midst life, storm and strife,
To lift man to the better life.

SEQUEL TO "WINTER'S HARP."

(The old Oak at Waverly has been blown down by a storm.)

The bloom and leaf are strewn and dead,
The darkness weeps, the stars have fled;
The minstrel sweeps an ancient harp
With dirge of storm, in gloom of dark.

His voice, though old, is ever young—
What power can stay the North Wind's tongue?
The harp once young is scarred and old,
'Tis shivering in the ice and cold.

O ancient harp, thine hour hath come!
O oak, for thee beats muffled drum!
The tempest blasts in winter's sky
Are telling thee that thou must die!

Now prostrate on the ground and cold,
The drifting flakes in robes enfold,
The ancient harp—the century oak;—
His trembling lips with wisdom spoke:

"I only change my mode of song,
For to the ages I belong;
My frailest leaf shall heavenward rise
To bask in starry depths of skies.

"O'er crested waves of restless deep,
When billows roll and storm clouds sweep,
My keel of oak through tempests dark
Will safely ride like Noah's ark.

"In door and beam of cotter's home,
In stately hall and princely dome;
In staff that bears my country's flag
I'll sing from vale to mountain crag.

"I'll sing at eve in baby's crib,
In solemn dirge in coffin lid;
In storied fanes where organs peal,
And saints and sinners lowly kneel.

"No part is lost, all shall be blest;
A season—some in gentle rest—
In fragrant earth, on mother's breast,
To live again at Spring's behest.

"Some day I'll greet eternal Spring,
My dearest, sweetest offering bring;
Bow low to Mercy's gracious rod,
Lay harp and song at feet of God.

"In every change and mood of mine,
God's tender love doth ever shine;
He's guiding me through calm or strife,
On and up to the better life."

A CITY OF REFUGE.

City of Refuge! dear refuge of song!
The birds are coming, a rejoicing throng—
From mountains afar and valleys between,
Where skies are blue and meadows are green;
'Tis song on the wing; the carols are free—
City of Refuge, they are coming to thee!

The City of Refuge stands without walls;
Love from her windows in sweet accents calls;
Her streets are wide open; gates she hath none;
She welcomes her guests by light of the sun;
The songs of fountains, the songs of the trees,
Are laughing aloud, so happy to please.

The City of Refuge ne'er gives a gun
To crafty sportsmen who birds shoot for fun;
The Mayor and Council have given their word
To 'prison the man who dares hurt a bird;
In the parks and squares 'neath her jeweled arm,
Squirrels and bunnies are sheltered from harm.

Dear City of Refuge, buoyant the song,
Which lends sweetness to life all the day long;
In sable and gold, in castles of green,
Choirs of Orioles at sunset are seen;
When the King descends in his crimson car
They sing vespers for him and th' Evening Star.

City of Refuge! in city above
Choirs are singing 'neath the banner of Love!
The choirs of birds and the choirs of the skies
Will sing for thee when the King shall arise,
And the weary and worn, refreshed by rest,
Will work and sing 'neath thy banner and crest.

A. D.—THE YEAR OF OUR LORD.

B. C.—BEFORE CHRIST.

The realms of years, our births, our deeds,
Are counted from His birth;
By it are all our records kept;
His—reckons time on earth.
Oh, wondrous thought, it belts the globe,
Beautiful and sublime;
He with a golden girdle clasps
The calendars of Time!

THE CALENDAR.

I love to help Time on his way,
And mark the course of month and day;
A record keep as he flies by—
A record pure for earth and sky.
I lift a torch, true and sublime,
Resplendent o'er the track of Time;
It sends its beams, afar and on—
It lights for you a Marathon.
Brave, valiant soul! To duty rise,
With lofty aim and sacrifice.
Then at December's set of sun
The plaudit hear: Well done! Well done!

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

(Set to music and sung by the congregations of the Methodist Episcopal, the Baptist, the Methodist Protestant and the Presbyterian Churches at a Union Service on Thanksgiving Day, 1900, in the Presbyterian Church, Waverly.)

O Lord of the Harvest,
The seasons are thine;
Thy courts are resplendent,
With palm and the vine;
With garlands of beauty,
And shocks of ripe corn,
Thy portals and gateways
We gladly adorn.

O Lord of the Harvest,
The reapers are thine;
With the pearl from the sea,
And gold from the mine;
Yet dearer, more lasting,
Than riches of earth,
Is the gift of one's self—
The Soul, and its worth.

O Lord of the Harvest,
The ages are thine;
The incense of prayer
With hearts for its shrine;
The cries of the reapers,
Unceasingly rise,
With the fragrance of love
To sweeten the skies.

O Lord of the Harvest,
Eternity's thine,
With its anthems of glory
And music divine;
'Midst its joys eternal,
Where tears are unknown,
The reapers with garlands
Would kneel at thy throne.

ECHOES.

Never a battle bravely won,
Never a right deed nobly done;
Never a word of kindly thought,
But each a troop of echoes brought.

They spread their tents where all are still,
They camp at foot of Memory's hill;
We call; our words quickly repeat,
And in our very accents speak.

They ring the chime of Memory's bells,
That in our inmost being dwells;
They wake the shades of things long gone,
And move to tears, or sing in song.

Life's sweetest echoes! may they last,
And o'er our paths a radiance cast;
Chant with the seasons as they fly—
Joy bells ring to th' answering sky.

Then guard aright the words we speak,
For rocks and hills love to repeat;
Ne'er can we call them back again
When they have reached the ears of men.

Ne'er with a poisoned arrow play,
To someone's heart 'twill find a way;
Speak kindly words—there's listening ear—
And gladsome echoes we will hear.

Speak to the heart, toilworn or sad,
A word of cheer to make it glad;
Then echoes sweet find their refrain,
Like rainbows after showers of rain.

CLOUDLAND AT SUNSET.

Exhaustless the wealth of jewels displayed,
Every gem ablaze that ever was made;
Streams of crystal from the mountain to sea—
Ho, everyone come! to all it is free!

There are harvests of gold in the fields afar;
Cities celestial, without gate or bar;
Beautiful realm without shadow of gloom;
All pure and fragrant with life and with bloom.

Glory resplendent its mountains enshrouds;
All tints are lavished on realm of the clouds.
If glory so wondrous in track of the sun,
What of the land where there are millions to one?

A land so transcendently pure and bright
Gives a glimpse of that where there never is night;
If pencil can ne'er earth's sunsets portray,
Oh, who can the glory of Heaven essay?

If glory of cloudland appeals to my soul,
Oh, what of the glory where eternities roll?
The glory of time is but dross to the feet,
When God in His glory the lowly will greet.

GOOD-NIGHT!

The sunshine hours have taken flight
On day's resplendent wings of light;
The glowing stars keep watch on high,
Guardian angels come from the sky—
Good-night, good-night!

Lay all thy toil and care aside,
In blissful sleep thy burdens hide;
Make night the resting place for day—
List! the angels, whispering, say:
"Good-night, goodnight!"

A loving God doth ever keep,
His angel legions never sleep;
When morn shall greet the last good-night
They'll usher in eternal light—
Good-night, good-night!

THE ELMS.

(At the entrance to Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore.)

Beside the gate two sentries meet
Close by the gray stone wall,
And cast their shadows on the street
From plumage green and tall.

They guard the graves where loved ones sleep,
They watch each funeral train;
And bow their heads with those that weep,
In sunshine and the rain.

They lift their heads to greet the dawn
And waft its splendors down;
In token of the glorious morn,
When Life the dead shall crown.

Sweet refuge of the bird and song;
Oh, brace of chanting elms!
You whisper of the white-robed throng
Beyond the starlit realms!

You stand within a city's din,
Where countless footsteps fall;
And point to the city, free from sin,
Where God would welcome all.

BE PATIENT.

Be patient—
The break of day must come
Ere the roseate dawn;
Rifts of glowing sunbeams
Ere the golden morn;
Full and glorious sunrise
To blaze radiant ways,
'Cross the azure skyland,
For the perfect days!

Be patient—
After wintry sunset
Comes the afterglow;
Beneath the drifting storm
Waking daisies grow;
After the longest drouth
Comes refreshing rain,
In the realms of darkness
Shine the stars again!

Be patient—
There must be a fountain
Ere the rivers flow;
Painstaking and seedtime
Ere the harvests grow;
There must be a planting
Ere the full-eared corn;
Trimming briars and brambles
Ere the rose with thorn.

Be patient—
Scan the mount Perfection,
Climb its giant stairs—
For many weary days,
Perchance long-drawn years;
Broaden your strong shoulders,
Up life's burdens bear;
Up to the summit climb,
And stand victor there!

Noah devoted a good many years to building the Ark; but he saved the race.

Washington lost more battles than he won, yet in the end he triumphed gloriously.

LOOK UP!

Look to the great, majestic hills,
Where sunbeams bright, descending,
The summits bathe in golden rills—
Visions of earth transcending!

Up from the gloom of darksome vales,
Where streams their plaints are blending!
Look to the blue, where glowing sails
Gold to the blue is lending.

Up from the gloom and ills of time
To a bright world ascending;
Hark to the strains of songs sublime—
The songs of earth transcending!

Up, up, my feet, to summits climb,
There chimes from heaven are blending!
With joys of earth, tread heights sublime,
For Heaven its joys is lending!

Oh, never seek beneath the skies
The joys that have an ending;
But lift thy soul, and sadness dies
In joys that have no ending!

AUTUMNAL REVERIES.

A Master hand hath touched the world;
The mountains lift their flags unfurled;
The stately hills in splendor rise,
Like sunlit peaks in paradise.

Banners of purple, orange, red,
Resplendent wave, high overhead—
Pennons of crimson, russet, blue,
Shine in the vale in pearl and dew.

Who hath the world so fair arrayed
The tree, the shrub, the leaf, the blade;
The wild field with its gold and brown;
Nature with her beauteous gown?

'Tis Autumn, with his jeweled hand—
He radiance strews as ocean sand!
"Rejoice, my soul!" hear Autumn say,
"My banners lead the upward way!"

Quaft to the full; feast wistful eye,
Rich banquet of the earth and sky.
Beautiful vision; sad 'tis fleet;
Above, around and at my feet!

See, every tint and hue and ray
Shines bright in Autumn's perfect day!
Splendors of rising and setting sun—
The glory of Heaven on earth begun.

THE WINDS AND THE LEAVES.

The trees, the trees; They love the leaves—
Their children dear they love to please;
They give to each a robe or gown,
And suitors from the skies come down.

The gallant winds bow to the trees—
Graceful dance with the graceful leaves—
Then arm in arm come singing down
In robes of gold and gowns of brown.

Hear you not the soft robes rustling
Through the shadows onward bustling,
O'er the lawns and meadows tuss'ling,
On to the glad sunshine hustling?

Beautiful gems from fragrant trees
The grateful Earth with joy receives;
She clasps them to her jeweled arms,
And blends them with her native charms.

See, athletes stand—brave, strong, yet sear,
In twilight of the closing year;
The Spring will bring the winds and leaves;
We will rejoice beneath the trees.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Fragrant the bloom of the orchard,
The fruit on the waving bough;
Purple and gold of the forest—
But all have vanished now.

Down from the mountain's steep summit,
Crowned by the sunshine and snow;
Up from the glens and the valleys,
Where crystals softly flow.

Strong arms are bearing the cedar,
The fragrant spruce and pine;
Garlands of myrtle and holly,
To build for home a shrine.

While the earth is tired and dreary,
Seemingly gone to sleep,
The angels, busy as ever,
On loving missions sweep.

They visit palace and cottage—
The children are asleep—
And ope the eyes of the home folk
To visions pure and sweet.

Beautiful, beside the hearthstone,
The tree with Christmas glows;
The dawn of the sacred morning
Its beauty will disclose.

There are no trees so beautiful
As those of Christmas tide,
When Love hastes to light her candles
And hearts are open wide.

List! the coming, gladsome, tripping
Music of children's feet;
Hear the shouts of mirth and laughter—
The voices clear and sweet!

Sweet symbol of dear Christmas joys!
Round thee, the children sing,
And willing hands and loving hearts
A hallowed blessing bring.

Ever here will fondly linger
The joys of olden days;
Bonnie May and glad December
Mingle their thanks with praise.

Love and Faith will clasp hands and go
Through all the ages down,
And in the living green enthroned
The Saviour's star and crown.

WINDS OF THE NIGHT.

Winds of the Night, swift couriers, fly
Through the borderlands of heaven;
Down jeweled highways of the sky,
With clouds for chariots, driven.

Why wide awake while others sleep,
Astir with restless life?
Why with your chariots onward sweep
Through darkness into light?

Above the din of eboned wheels,
With deft and willing hand,
We send the blast in thunderpeals
Far o'er the sleeping land.

We wake the voice of youthful Spring,
We tune the songs of earth,
And we would hear the woodland sing
And celebrate Spring's birth.

We kiss the lips of fragrant flowers,
We chant among the trees;
We strew the fields with gentle flowers
And laugh in whisp'ring breeze.

O winds, we know not whence you came,
Whither you are going;
You trust in God, we do the same—
Faith surpasseth knowing!

AN AUTUMNAL MUSING.

Autumn, in her gladness, is pouring down
Her gold and russet, her purple and brown;
And blazing the oaks on the beetling crest
With plumage of seraph from land of the blest.

With glow of the stars and tints of the bow,
With splendors of cloudland and sunsets below,
She's strewing her jewels o'er the radiant earth,
As pure and as bright as on morn of its birth.

Her glorious armies are marching on high,
Her banners and pennons are painting the sky—
The flags of th' ages are waving proudly there,
From lands of tempests, from climes that are fair.

In the cedar and pine from realms of the snow,
In palm and olive, where the bright waters flow;
From garden once closed by angel with sword,
In bloom from the fields once trod by the Lord.

The rose of Britain, the lily of France,
And Germany's laurel are seen at a glance;
The thistle of Scotia to freedom hath grown—
Gems from the seas o'er the mountains are strewn!

Lo! Erin's sweet harp wears garlands of green;
The Stars and the Stripes in sunrise are seen—
None are forgotten—the realms bring their own,
And lift them aloft and in beauty enthrone!

With crimson and scarlet the woodland's aglow,
And streams in the meadows with silver o'erflow;
Battalions in gold encamp by the rill;
Signals are flaming from lowland to hill.

The armies of peace in the richest of dyes
Have unfurled their garments in depths of the skies.
O princes and nobles, your robes rich and rare,
Are flimsy and tawdry with these to compare!

O nations of earth, may your fame be as fair
As your standards of glory streaming midair!
O toilers of earth, O seekers for gold,
The arms of Autumn your hearts would enfold!

O hearts that are weary with tumult and strife,
In vistas of beauty read sweetness for life,
And gladden your days with visions of love—
For the joys of earth descend from above!

THE NEW YEAR.

The winter winds their anthems sing,
And icy bugles blow,
For New Year comes, a happy King,
Robed in the driven snow!
His advent doth a welcome find
In gladsome sky and earth,
And sweeps the hearts of humankind
With shouts of joy and mirth.

Upon him wait a noble throng
From all the ages gone—
The wise and good, the brave and strong—
To lead the glad world on.
On heights sublime, before unknown,
Where mystic splendors fall,
They build for him a mighty throne,
And wait his onward call.

His sceptred touch can blessings bring
To humblest home and life;
Bid war to sheathe its sword and sling,
And bury bitter strife.
The nations span wide stormy seas
With open clasp of hand;
Waft fragrance on the kindling breeze
And peace to every land.

O glorious King, we look to thee,
Most royal of thy line,
To make the struggling strong and free,
To make the sad face shine!

Oh, lift aloft God's standard fair
Before the eyes of men;
List to our deep and earnest prayer
While angels chant amen!

A WISH.

(I hope I may not die at night; I wish to die in the day-time.—The words of a dying man.)

Not when the pale stars are shining
Off in the jeweled sky,
When Night's weary bells are chiming,
Would I lay me down to die;

Not when the dark scenes about me,
In sad, deep silence lie,
When the damp winds mourn around me,
Would I lay down to die!

But when noonday sun is shining,
His glory floods the sky,
Death's clouds bright with golden lining,
I'd lay me down to die!

'Mid the splendors of the daytime,
God's precious mercies nigh;
I'd bid good-bye to earths' lifetime,
And lay me down to die!

Welcome, light of eternal day;
Welcome, without a sigh!
Take me, dear Lord, with Thee, to stay—
Oh, never more to die!

LINES.

(Suggested by the death of Baltimore's oldest Florist and Gardener, in the ninetieth year of his age.)

O field of weeping flowers, lift up thy drooping head;
Thy old-time friend is sleeping—he is not really dead!
The olden feet which trod amid thy blooming throng
Are resting—resting now in the realm of sweetest
song;

The faithful hands which trained thee in sunshine and
the rain

Are resting in the sunlight on sheaf of golden grain;
The voice which at blush of dawn was often jocund
heard,

Waiting for the gold of sunshine and listening to the
bird,

Is silent now! There are flowers beyond celestial
dome—

Flowers in the heavenly gardens welcome their old
friend home!

On through his scores of years, yet ne'er for a year
grew old;

The bloomings of the flowers were much more to him
than gold—

They blossomed in his heart and shed their fragrance
round

O'er many a festive board, o'er many a hallowed
mound!

Now, the brave old gardener's gone, we'll gather up his
bloom,
High heap it o'er his sleeping form and bear it to the
tomb—
'Neath bud and blossom crowned, with glistening pearls
for tears,
'Twill sleep in a flower field through all the coming
years;
In peaceful sleep 'mid sacred scenes on eastern slope of
hill,
Till God's angel shall awake the blessed dead to live!

Humorous.

ROVER'S APPEAL.

(Rover with muddy feet could frequently track the porch. His Mistress gave him to a countryman, who tied him behind a wagon and went about nine miles up the country. In the morning Rover reappeared, having gnawed the rope, with a part of it about his neck. It was then Rover made his Appeal. A photographer has taken the picture of the boys and Rover, and, with the Lines, they hang framed in the library of the Mistress. Moses was a neighbor's cat. "Rover's not going away any more.")

Mistress, don't send me away any more;
My heart is bleeding and my feet are sore;
Over the country, tired and hungry I come,
Through a long night—I am glad to be home—
Please don't send me away any more!

I'll sit on the big mat by the front door;
Step tiptoe on the porch and parlor floor;
I'll promise to live the best I know how—
I can ne'er have such friends as I have now—
Please don't send me away any more!

I love to play with Howard and little Jim—
When I think of the home folks my eyes grow dim;
A congenial friend in "Moses" I have found;
I like all the neighbors for miles around—
Please don't send me away any more!

At home again—oh, how I wish to stay!
I'd rather die at home than live away;
I will live outdoors; won't mind the weather;
Let's all live happy and live together—
Please don't send me away any more!

Mistress' Reply.

Your note by Howard was duly received;
You are home again, we both feel relieved.
Yes; in bad weather come in the back door,
Curl up on the rug, on the kitchen floor—
Rover shall not go away any more!

“Here, Rover! Yah! Yah!” over and over,
Come voices sweet as song from the clover;
The Boys and Rover are playing today,
Rolling and tumbling in the new-mown hay—
Rover's not going away any more!

THE OYSTER MAN.

(Toby is the typical colored man crying Oysters in the streets of Baltimore.)

We love to hear old Toby sing;
Our Oysters are the perfect thing;
Our bay and coves with them abound;
They're *salt*, yet *fresh*, and plump and sound—
O-yez! O-yez! charming oysters!

The old man's voice is sweet and clear;
Its mellow tones bespeak good cheer;
Rivals that of the auctioneer,
And vies with that of the chanticleer—
O-yez! O-yez! charming oysters!

When the months with the R come around,
Old Toby on his route is found;
In other months lives in the shade,
On oyster money he has made—
O-yez! O-yez! charming oysters!

From shining tin, from door to door,
Oysters, with crabs, he loves to pour;
And liquor, too, with pearls a few,
To show that he is fond of you—
O-yez! O-yez! charming cysters!

Want them in shells, and get more pearls?
A string of them for wife and girls?
A bushel buy, and shuck galore—
And talk and shuck, and call for more—
O-yez! O-yez! charming oysters!

Come with your pails, and buckets, too;
They're good to fry, steam, roast or stew;
Shipjacks and crafts are bringing more—
The Oyster's mart is Baltimore—
O-yez! O-yez! charming oysters!

The Oyster brings delightful gain,
Phosphorus for the weary brain;
The Legislature's endless theme—
The packer's joy, old Toby's dream—
O-yez! O-yez! charming oysters!

POST-MORTEM.

In pearl and stone, calm and serene,
He lived the life of a submarine;
Then shelled the fields and harvests wave—
Now flowers bloom o'er the Oyster's grave—
O-yez! O-yez! charming oysters!

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

(South Drive, Toronto, Canada, August, 1913.)

There came a light and stealthy tread
'Midst the flowers—in the catnip bed.
Her watchful eyes, so kind and gray,
Appealed to me and seemed to say,
With every mew: "And may I stay?"

She came and stood beneath the tree
Which threw its cooling shade o'er me.
She was so frail and wan and thin,
And yet she had a glossy skin:
"And may I come and stay within?"

I stroked her back and shining flanks;
Her pleading eyes gave grateful thanks;
Down at my feet she gently laid;
For a moment about me played—
Then from my wond'ring vision strayed.

She came again—a kitten brought,
And others—two—she went and sought.
I knew she was a castaway,
That Hagar and Ishmaels wished to stay,
And my old heart could not say nay.

Afar o'er lawn, 'neath maple shade,
The kits through happy hours have played,
And Hagar's heart is light and free.
She looks at them, and purrs for me—
And I am glad as I can be.

Earth's castaways are wand'ring stars—
Hagars and Ishmaels with their scars;
Touch with thy torch and they may shine
Perchance with light as bright as thine—
The Light of Lights is Light Divine!

JIM—JAMES.

5 YEARS—25 YEARS.

(When this first appeared the printer entitled it "Jim-Jams," and said it was a lawyer's bad penmanship caused the error, and contended it was an improvement. "We deny the allegation and defy the allegator.")

Jolly little Jim!
No nurses for him,
Stick horses and toys.
A drum and big noise,
Mother's kiss for him—
Frisky, little limb—
Jolly little Jim!

Jolly little Jim!
No dresses for him.
Yes; knickerbockers;
A horse with rockers;
Tricycle and bat;
Wants no noonday nap—
Jolly little Jim!

Jolly little Jim!
A hat without brim;
No slippers, no hose,
Bare legs and bare toes;
A jacket with holes;
He wants a boy's clothes—
Jolly little Jim!

Jolly little Jim!
A race or a swim;
He wishes a gun;
Bubbles o'er with fun;
Studies hard at school;
Lines up to the rule;
Clean, chipper and trim—
Jolly little Jim!

There's strength in his arms;
Toil hath for him charms.
His shoulders are broad—
Thanks unto the Lord!
He has grown a span—
Every inch a man—
'Tis jolly big Jim!

The rose you'll please note
On lapel of coat;
Pinned by a fair hand,
'Twill bloom and expand.
They'll travel together
In all kinds of weather.
In a moment of bliss
'Twas sealed with a kiss—
YES—this is JAMES!

TIP—THE BLACKSMITH'S DOG.

(Reisterstown Road.)

By a famous highway of the olden days,
Which our father-builders were wont to praise,
Near the foot of a hill the smithy glows,
In its blaze of fire, in the heat or snows.

To music of hammer and anvil's peal,
The smith shoes the horses or tires a wheel;
Queer! horses go faster when they are hired,
A wheel ne'er runs well unless it is tired.

Ne'er can be found in the country around
One as faithful as Tip, the good smith's hound—
He's bright as the morn and sure as the sun,
Frisking and barking, o'erflowing with fun.

Tip likes fun; there's a wag in his tail;
With it marks time while the smith drives a nail.
If a dog's a coward, his tail is furled;
Tip's tail is a beauty and upward curled.

Yes; old fellow, we are out for our walk;
There's laugh in your eye—I wish you could talk.
I'll try very hard to find what you mean
By wagging your tail and barking between.

Of what shall we talk, walking together?
Folks generally talk 'bout health or the weather;
Soms folks love to talk of their pedigree—
Your crest? blooming bough of dogwood tree!

You did not bay last night at the new moon,
Go chasing rabbits or treeing a 'coon;
On the smith's hearth you kept watch by the fire;
As the blaze died down the shadows flew higher.

A dog I knew went out nights for a lark;
He was found, one morning, a stranded bark;
But you, dear fellow, keep guard night and day;
Are watching now while we walk the old way.

You have a warm place on the old smith's hearth;
A warmer one still in the old smith's heart.
His hand in gentleness rests on your head;
He loves you dearly—you are so well-bred.

The questions you ask with your tail and looks
Would fill a "Carnegie library" of books.
Yes; one more—where will you go when you die?
Well, there are two "Dog stars" up in the sky.

Come, give me a front paw—both if you will;
On the hind legs stand, and try to stand still;
Go, old fellow, breathe the Arlington air;
Good luck with you, all your days free from care!

Tip's face is shining in light of the morn,
Like "Rab and his friends" in the early dawn;
Or dogs of Sir Walter on Scotia's hills,
When horn of MacGregor the bosom thrills.

Homeward, Tip trots, in his bright coat of mail,
Tipped with beauty from his nose to his tail;
The tears unbidden are misting my eye,
As I wave my hand in a fond good-bye.

THE CHILDREN'S CAR.

I would ride on the car with the children—
With the play of joyful health;
With the glee of cheerful hearts—
An ocean of brimming wealth.

I would ride on the car with the children—
There is not a bit of gloom;
But the ripple of laughter,
With the fragrance of its bloom.

I would ride on the car with the children—
Their glistening eyes for pearls,
With sunshine from the hillsides,
With the happy boys and girls.

I would ride on the car with the children—
With the roses on the cheek,
With the Damask of th' Orient,
With breeze of the Chesapeake.

I would ride on the car with the children—
With the windows fastened down,
While the doors of mirth are open,
On a jolly ride to town.

I would ride on the car with the children—
When the week for school is o'er,
Then "the kids" are at their best,
And make "ye old fogies" roar.

I would ride on the car with the children—
With a captain at both ends;
They are so awful careful—
They must be the children's friends.

I would ride on the car with the children—
With dear Captains Smile and Grin;
When they have the car in hand
There's uproarious fun within.

I would ride on the car with the children—
For they love to ride along;
Cheer the world with joy and mirth,
And uplift it with their song.

I would ride on the car with the children—
Ne'er a Pullman coach for me;
A place on a long front seat,
With "the moving pictures" free.

CHANTICLEER.

Darkness is subsiding,
Glist'ning stars are hiding ;
Yet e'er the blushing Dawn
Illumes the face of Morn,
 With clarion note of praise
 Rifting the misty haze ;
 The courser of the Sun
 Wakes him, his course to run—
For, far and near, ring pure and clear
The piping notes of Chanticleer !

 In nodding tree and hedge,
 In dozing shrub and sedge,
The insect world awakes,
And off the dewdrop shakes.
 Awake, ye sleeping birds !
 Awake, ye drowsy herds !
 See now the day doth break—
 The world is all awake—
For, far and near, ring pure and clear
The piping notes of Chanticleer !

 Brave courtier and sages
 Have ruled hearts and ages—
Chivalry of the knight
Battled for love and right ;
 For insignia of fame,
 Winning a splendid name ;
 None more gallant or grand
 In myth or fairy-land—
When, far and near, ring pure and clear
The piping notes of Chanticleer !

See, how proudly he walks,
How cheerily he talks!
Oft with his queen he strolls,
Oft she their brood enfolds
Beneath the mother wing.
He, proud sentry and king!
Who is so beautiful?
Who is more dutiful?
When, far and near, ring pure and clear
The piping notes of Chanticleer!

THE WOODPECKER.

No drum-major decked with plume,
High nodding o'er his head,
Was e'er beautiful as he
In cap of brightest red;
Then 'round about his shoulders
There is a scarf of blue—
A broad slip from the azure,
Fragrant with morning dew;
Natty coat of black and white
About his breast tucked 'round;
In leggings and his sandals
There's nothing like him found.

The music which he gives me
Is not from living trees;
From the hollow trunk or limb,
The haunt of birds and bees.

I'm sure there's in his castle
The sweetest nest of song;
I know birds and bees sang there
On through the years long gone.
And now the quaint, sweet musician,
Blending the old and new,
Wafts them down on wings of morn,
Dear, loving heart, to you!

His clear, glad note in woodland,
In vocal shade above,
Finds an echo in all hearts
Attuned unto love.
About his old, old castle
My heart is clinging vine,
And music from the old tree
Comes singing into mine.
So the little musician sends,
From castled realms on high,
Down to the glad, list'ning world
An anthem of the sky.

THE HERMIT KING. .

(For Oyster Roasts, etc.)

SOLO.

Oh, come and sing the good King's fame!
Long *shell*-tered from the rain,
A splendid fate now him awaits—
He's phosphorus for the brain.

CHORUS.

Yes, we will sing; yes, oysters bring;
You'll see what we can do;
In every style, we'll take a while
To eat a peck or two.

SOLO.

What wonders great hath Nature wrought—
The oyster pearl, from tear!
Come, Science, touch the Hermit King—
Lo! oysters all the year!

CHORUS.

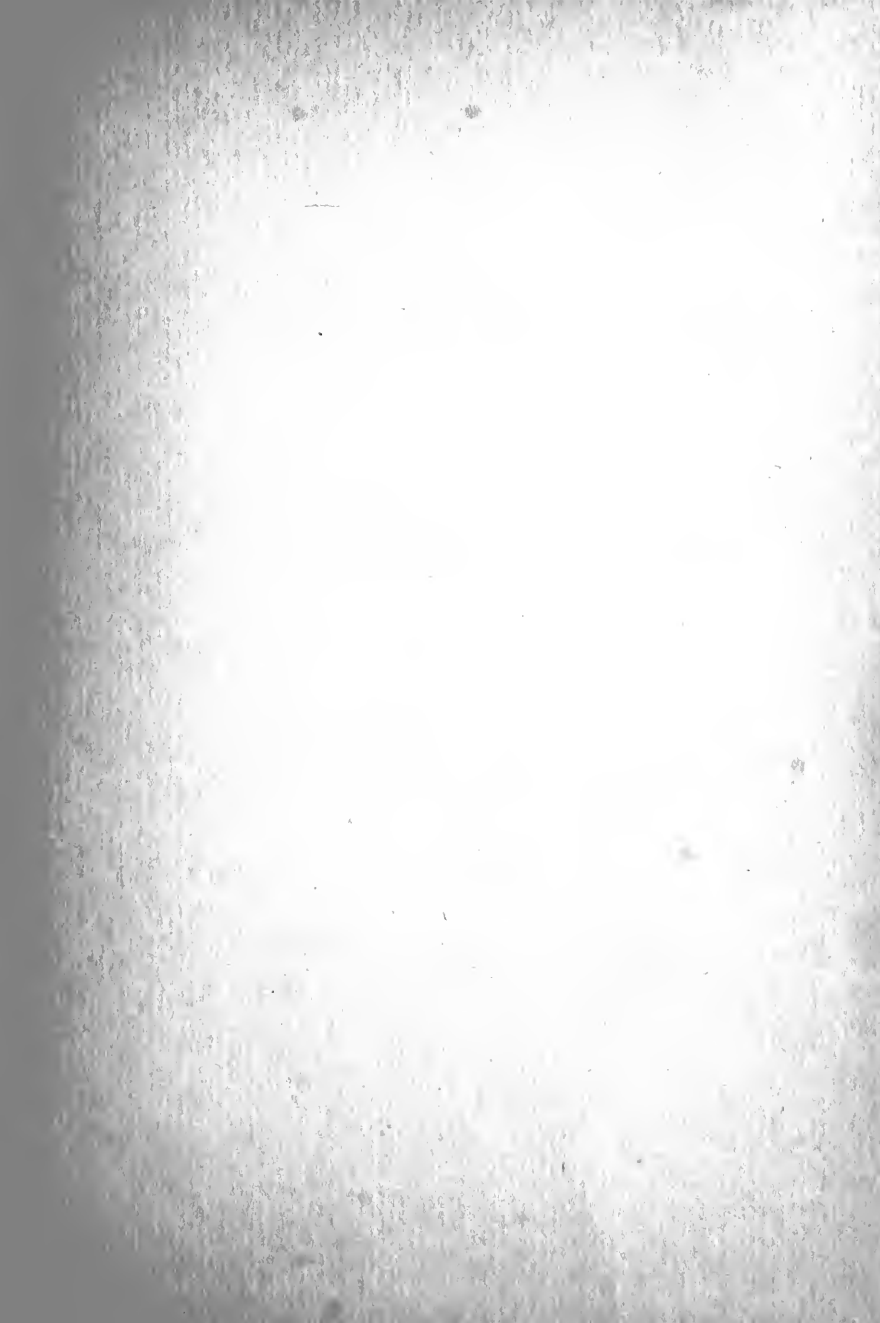
There will be music and dancing,
And every one be pleased—
The seas clasp hands with the mountains
When oysters grow on trees!









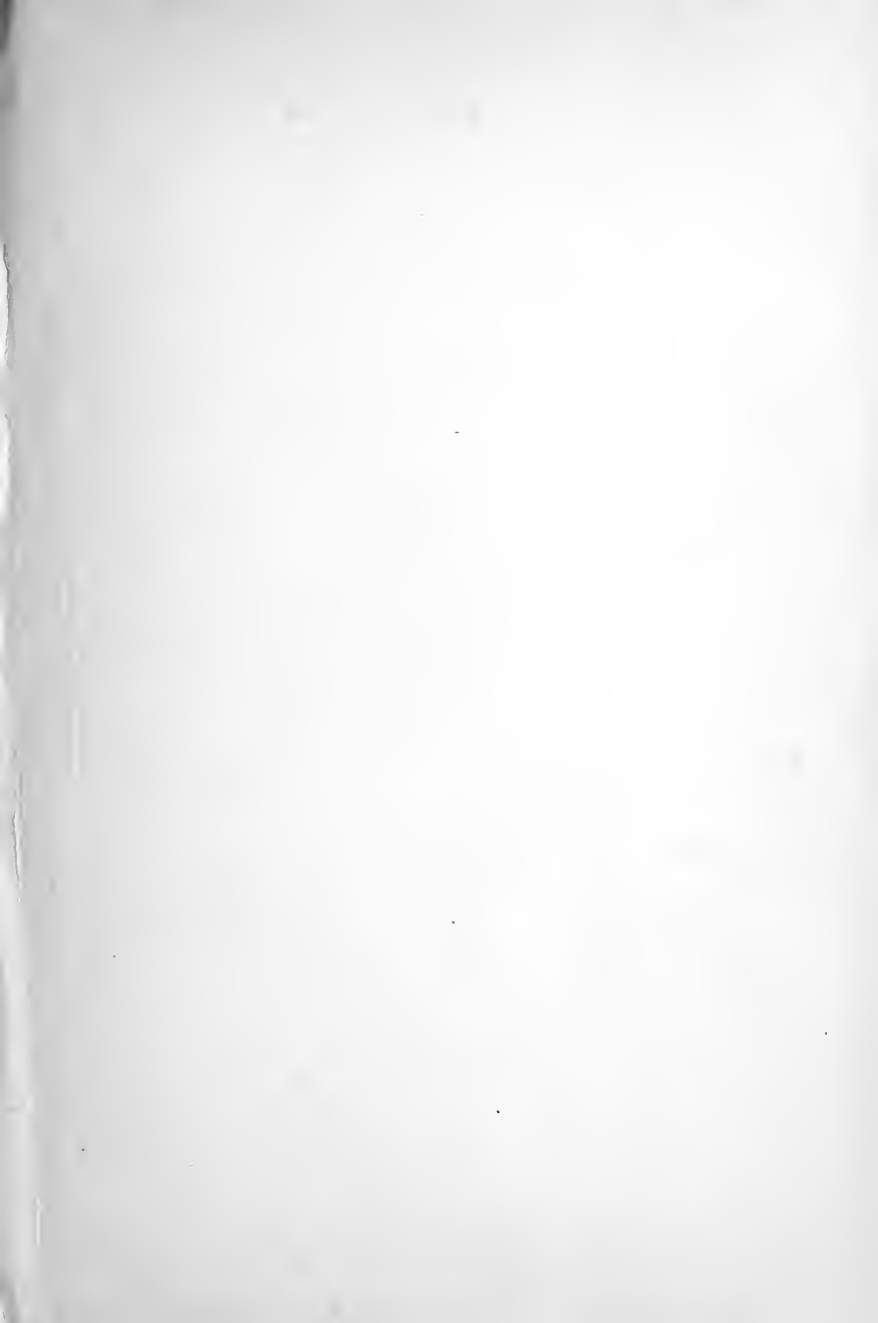


Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

PreservationTechnologies

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 905 957 1